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A. D. Russell

Trinidad

5. 4. 23

See letter at end

Legends of the Bocas

Legends of the Bocas Trinidad

by

A. D. RUSSELL

First Puisne Judge, Trinidad and Tobago

with

An Introduction by Sir John Chancellor, K.C.M.G.,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that Colony,
1916-1921

LONDON

CECIL PALMER

OAKLEY HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, W.C.1.

F I R S T
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C O P Y -
R I G H T

Printed in Great Britain
by J. J. KELIHER & Co., Ltd., 11, Marshalsea Road, London, S.E.1.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THESE legends, inspired—nay, it may be said *created*—by the scenes to which they relate, with little oral, and less written or printed tradition to account for the marvels they contain (except Legends XVII to XXI, which are historical), came to their recipient at intervals during the course of fifteen years' residence in what is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful islands in the world. Some, such as "M'an Grosdent," "Los Cotorros," "The Presbyter and the Pitch-Men," came to him in mirth. Others such as "Duendes' Mead," "The Three Caves," "La Divina Pastora," "A Morning Vision," came to him in sorrow. All alike, however, came of themselves, with little or no drudgery of literary composition. To the *genius loci*, therefore, is due any merit they may possess. For their demerits, which doubtless are numerous, the deficiencies of the medium ought to be remembered. *Non sum dignus*, though the deity have entered. When, instead of a dry lawyer, some true *vates sacer* visits these shores, or (as will doubtless happen, though the Serpent forgot to mention it), one springs from the soil, then shall be seen the fulness of the inspiration of Trinidad woods and caves and waterfalls, and the amazing Bocas del Drago.

The identities of "Scribbler," who wrote the verses, and of "Ignotus," who edited them, may safely be left to the imagination of the reader.

Port of Spain,
29th March, 1922.

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been requested by my friend Mr. Justice Russell to write an introduction to his volume "Legends of the Bocas."

Though I have no qualifications for such a task, I have undertaken it because he has asked me to do so, and because I take a very great interest in everything connected with Trinidad.

Those who have never visited the tropics cannot visualise the physical beauties of Trinidad with its valleys and clear running streams, with its mountain ranges clad to their highest peaks with luxuriant vegetation and lit by a vertical sun whose fierce rays are tempered by the humidity of the atmosphere. To the inhabitants of cold grey northern lands, the climate is enervating; but to those who from youth have lived there, Trinidad is as a country where it is ever afternoon.

It is a mistake to believe that the inhabitants of the tropics do not work hard; but it is true that there is no part of the world where idleness is so easy and so agreeable as in the tropics. Few of those who have lived long in them can be ignorant of the temptation to lead a life of dreamy idleness under those sunny skies. In the pleasant island of Trinidad, *Candide's* maxim: "*il faut cultiver notre jardin*" does not apply; for a scratch will make its fertile soil yield all that is necessary for a man of simple wants.

An English visitor recently addressing a Trinidadian reposing by the road side, said to him: "What are you doing there, passing the time, I suppose?" "No," was the reply, "No, I am letting the time pass me." But it is not because that attitude is general that no one, so far as I am aware, has up to now made a collection of the local legends of Trinidad. It is because the energies of those who are qualified to write them are fully occupied in developing the resources of the Island, of which nearly one half still remains under virgin forest. All good Trinidadians, therefore, and all who have known and loved Trinidad owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Justice Russell, than whom Trinidad has no warmer friend and sympathetic admirer, for preserving their local legends in the picturesque and imaginative medium he has chosen for the present volume.

J. R. C.

London, 24.4.22.

I.

DEDICATION

TO A CHILD.

Sing a song of æons ! They were on Time's shelf :
Some were clear as crystal, some were dull as delf ;
One aglow with glory, another dross and dregs :
But in a row they made a show—like Easter eggs.

Sing a song of childhood ! Fate was once a child :
He came a-choosing æons, and to himself he smiled,
And turned them in his fingers and tossed them in the
wind ;
And some he caught, and others not—for Fate is blind.

Sing a song of marvels ! The æons found a voice,
And bade their little tyrant be wise and make a choice,
Hear their several stories, spare such as should please :
And so, like *you*, he listened to such tales as these.

Tales of mighty marvels, of dragons and of deeps ;
Islands going sailing, and a gulf that creeps
On and ever onward, till the hills are rent,
And like a pall it covers all a continent.

Plagues that turn to fishes, towns that turn to trees,
Chapel bells a-chiming under whelming seas ;
Witches and their wonders, maids that grow to rocks ;
Earth and sky commingled by convulsive shocks.

These things pleased him greatly, till he older grew ;
Then his fancy altered, and he chose anew ;
Tales of love and duty, tried in woe and weal :
If less he smiled, 'twas that the Child had learned to feel.

As a child has wisdom, so had Fate, and knew
Æons have their purpose, and their work to do :
Work that's fair and honest, work that's true and brave,
Seed to sow, and grain to grow, and souls to save.

Sing a song of Goodness ! Æons have their day,
But the Will that made them is with us alway ;
Time halts at His bidding. Fate lives in His fear.
Oh, may that Will be gracious still to you, my dear.

SCRIBBLER.

NOTES.

Instead of " A Child " it ought to be " The Child." There was only one Child in the world for Scribbler. It was writing for her benefit, probably, made his style what it is. That is the best excuse we can put forward for Scribbler.

The scenery of the Bocas, generally, is wild, majestic, soul-stirring. Parts have a softer charm. Our illustrations may give some idea of the latter. Not of the former—enormous cleavages among primeval rocks, such as the Second Boca, defy photography. The Mountains of Paria to Eastward, distinctly visible, yet far enough removed to look " en-skyed," are a background to the whole.

To be amid such surroundings and produce only burlesques ! Could there be a more signal proof of poetical deficiency ?

IGNOTUS.

II.

THE SERPENT'S PROPHECY.

The Dragon of Paria ruled the land, the Serpent she
ruled the sea ;
And all went well, till a quarrel befell, concerning
Trinity :
The Dragon claimed it for his own, 'twas a link in his
mountain chains ;
Oh, he spake her fair ; but the Serpent was ware, and
mocked him for his pains.
The Dragon rose in his rage and his wrath, with his
seven heads out-thrust ;
She flung twelve leagues of gulf between, and bade
him do his worst.

O Golfo triste !

Then he reared himself on the mountain's crest, and
reached out over the sea ;
And the smoke of his mouth rolled north and south,
and over to Trinity.
He stretched and he strained, his embers rained like a
shower of falling stars ;
Iëre shook, as his thunders broke on the face of her
wave-washed scaurs.
E'en the Serpent shrank, 'neath his neck long and lank,
with its seven fierce heads in a bunch ;
Then she rose in the air, like a Diable-Mer, and bit it
clean through with a crunch !

Isla liberada !

Then the Serpent she sang a wondrous song, a conqueror's song sang she :
“ Oh, my waves are red with the Dragon's blood, and
Iëre belongs to me ;

To have and to hold, to make, to mould, with the wash
of my coiling tides,
While the Moon is regent of the sky, and the Southern
Cross abides.
Oh, she shall be free, as my waters be, and the winds
that o'er them blow ;
And she shall have peace, and her fame increase, and
her name shall all men know.

Isla fortunada !

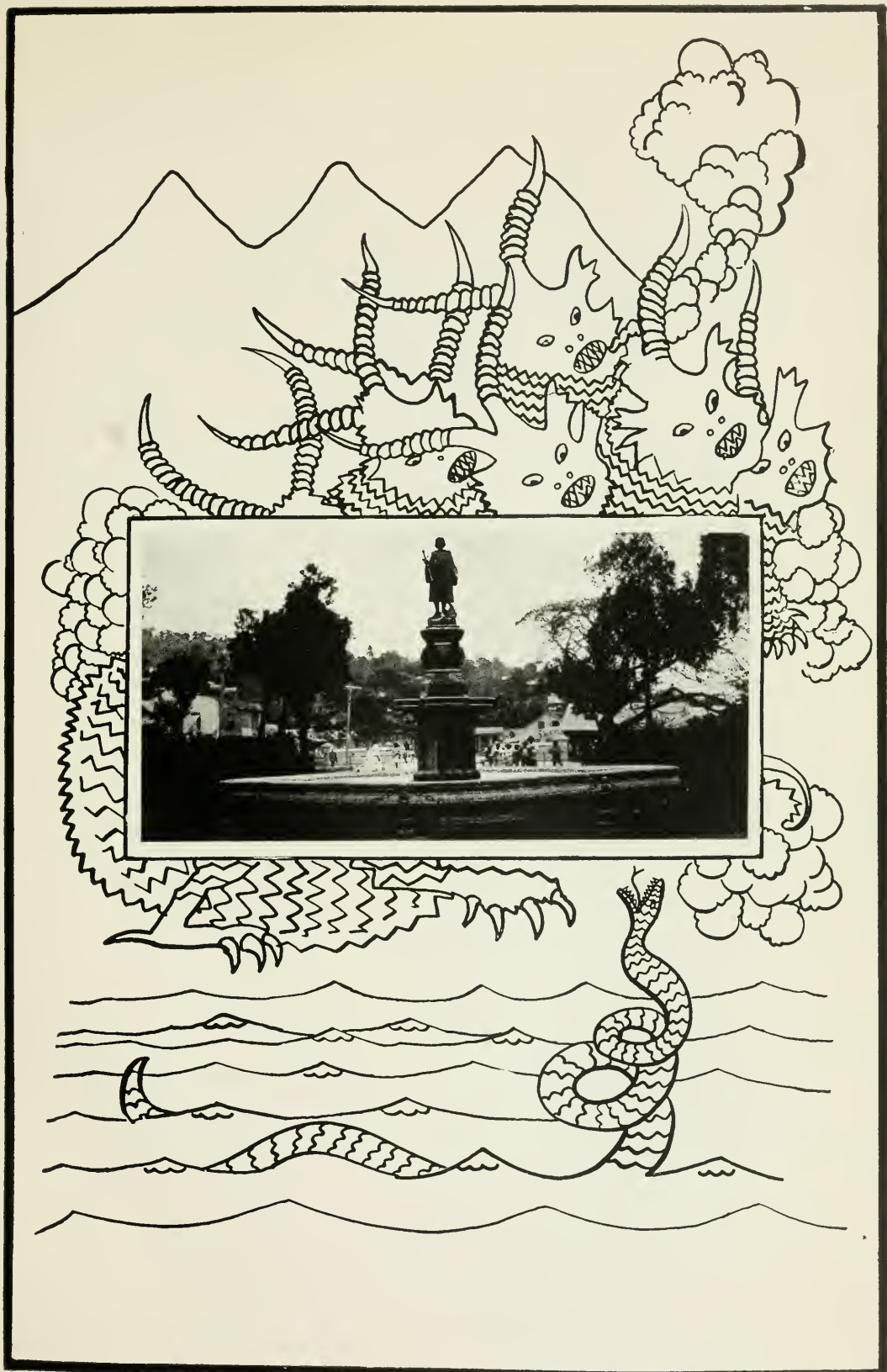
“ Her seasons shall seem an endless spring, her flowers
bloom all year round ;
I will make her rich with oil and with pitch in her
caverns underground.
And gold shall be found ; and the fruits of the ground
shall grow and cover her ;
Her Triple Hills shall glad the gaze of the Great Dis-
coverer ;
And men shall come from many lands to scan her
wonders o'er ;
There shall be a place for every race, and a welcome
aye for more.

Isla amistosa !

“ They shall grow as the seed of the Serpent's breed,
in wisdom and in worth ;
For learning fair shall flourish there, and art have
second birth.
Oh, loyalty and liberty shall there go hand in hand ;
And equal laws, and the island's cause, shall hoop
them as a band.
The island's name, the island's fame, the island's
growth and grit,
Shall be their boast from coast to coast, and the world
shall echo it.”

Isla milagrosa !

S.



STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

NOTES.

Scribbler was a nonentity on board. The concert at the hotel was his *début*. He recited this rhapsody about the island. Being visitors, people thought it polite to applaud. The Magnate, who is deaf, asked to see the words. That was enough. Scribbler was launched. Thenceforward his productions poured out remorselessly.

Yes, yes, it was his own doggerel. Nobody else ever came forward to claim it. True, that might be because nobody thought it worth while. In any case, Scribbler made it over to me as a home product, when he

But that is anticipating. The Magnate knew a lot about oil. His literary taste, however, was undeveloped. Some noble lines of mine left him absolutely cold. He could follow what Scribbler was trying to get at, he said, but my efforts were beyond him. Scribbler, pedestrian Scribbler, was his man.

Scribbler had helped the Child to get over her sea-sickness. That, I think, influenced the old man. It certainly did Mrs. Magnate. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, Scribbler, to give him his due. Children took to him; and if, instead of legends, he had written a book of nursery rhymes, I believe it would have been a success.

One thing I didn't like about Scribbler. He was an unscrupulous *inventor*. An example will show this.

Columbus, when he discovered the island which he thought fit to christen "La Trinidad," instead of "Iëre," as the Caribs (and Scribbler later on) called it, had a rough passage getting into the Gulf of Paria by the south-east, and called the strait: *La Boca de la Sierpe*, "The Serpent's Mouth." (Note.—*Sierpe* is feminine, in contradistinction to *Serpiente*, which is either masculine or feminine; so Scribbler was right as far as sex goes). The currents had coiled about his caravel, and the name was a metaphor. Some openings to the north-west he called: *Las Bocas del Drago*, "The Dragon's Mouth." Another metaphor, but less appropriate.

Was Scribbler satisfied with these names? Not he! He must needs invent things which were perfectly untrue, and work them up in such a way as to make Columbus seem god-father to his absurdities.

A Carib mythology. That is really what it came to. Now, is that fair on the poor Caribs? They had a bad name before. *Cannibal* comes from *Carib*, *carib-al*, we are told. But, however they may have devoured each other, I don't believe they would have swallowed Scribbler's mythology. Unhappily, the race is extinct, at least in this island. Scribbler, therefore, could do as he liked. And it will be seen he has artfully mixed in a lot of true stuff, about the island being rich in minerals and things, just to bamboozle people.

What he says as to "gold being found," is a bloomer. Iron pyrites there are, in plenty. Sir Walter Raleigh took them for gold. Or "the Mother of Gold," whatever he meant by that. Up to date there is no gold mining in the Island.

"*Diable-Mer*." Somebody lent Scribbler a book: "Sea Fish of Trinidad," by Harry Vincent. If you want to know everything about *Diable-Mer* (being patois for the giant-ray or devil-fish, *manta birostris*) you will find it there. But Scribbler always exaggerates; and though devil-fish may jump high, the feat he makes his one do is preposterous.

However, it is Scribbler's poem, not mine. So *imprimatur*.

By-the-bye, I have a decided objection to the introduction of foreign words into English literature; and Scribbler's tags of Spanish, *Isla fortunada*, *Isla milagrosa*, and all the rest of it, are

Well, they are Scribbler all over.

Triple Hills: i.e., the Trinity Hills at Moruga, supposed to have been the "three peaks with one base" first sighted by Columbus. On commencing the voyage, he had specially invoked the assistance of the Blessed Trinity. Naturally, therefore, it was a miracle.—Hence Scribbler's *Isla Milagrosa*, "Miraculous Island": (see Legend XVII).

"*Golfo triste*." So Columbus called the Gulf of Paria. Others have thought it rather a jolly place. We certainly found it so.

I.

III.

ST. MARY'S BAY.

St. Mary's Bay is fair by day,
St. Mary's Bay is bright ;
Tranquil and deep, the blessed sleep
Which broods o'er it by night ;
And well it is our Lady's grace
Defends the charmed spot ;
For, in the middle of the night,
Passes the Phantom Boat.

*The Phantom Boat, the Phantom Boat !
Who wakes may hear it pass
Sleep sound, sleep Safe, by Mary's grace
Sleep sound and let it pass.*

Was that the howl of a dog, or an owl
A-hoot in the Ceiba tree ?
What means that note on the night afloat,
As of laughter wild and free ?
Voices of women and of men,
And the splash of oars between ;
Jesus, Maria, guard us then,
'Tis sure no earthly din.

A laugh, a scream ! and 'tis gone like a dream ;
The splash of oars is o'er ;
The pirate rude, and his demon's brood,
Melt into space once more.
Saint Mary holds her Virgin sway,
O'er land and sea and air ;
No harm can break their quiet sleep,
Who rest beneath her care.

S.

NOTES.

"Every night? I can't vouch for that," said the Count. "But one night I stayed here, years ago, it certainly did pass."

We had come "down the islands." Why? Well, as Scribbler would say, why indeed? Port of Spain is an ideal tropical city. Also the Queen's Park Hotel, situated on the spacious Savannah, with Government House and its ornamental grounds right opposite, was delightful to stay in. Everybody, however, kept saying: "Go down the islands. You won't know real Trinidad life till you go down the islands!" So we went down the islands, and landed on St. Mary's Bay; and the Count, who was staying at Copper Hole, came to call.

He it was who told us about the ghost. Or, to be more precise, the Phantom Boat, which passes there nightly.

"The Johnny Walkers were here at the time," he explained. "No, not the Johnny Walkers you mean. Another family altogether. Bridge went on till all hours, and it was close on midnight when my wife and I got to bed. She was busy with her chapelet. But, of a sudden, 'Felix,' she said, 'did you hear that boat passing?'"

"Do you know, once she mentioned it, I did hear whatever it was. *Plash, plash, plash*, at widish intervals, but quite distinct. Then a sound like voices, vague and only faintly audible; but, of a sudden, *Sainte Vierge Marie*"—and the Count, like a pious aristocrat, crossed himself—"a scream that made your blood run chill! I heard quite as much as I wanted that night, I assure you!"

It seemed for the moment as though life "down the islands" were going to be something else than we were looking for. Under cross-examination, however, the Count modified the horrific element.

The scream? Yes, certainly he and his wife had both heard it. But there had been laughter too. More laughter than screaming.

"We thought perhaps it was people from some of the other Bays."

("Bay" in their Creole parlance means a house on one of these islets. Naturally they select a bay suitable for bathing, when they want to build).

"But no; they were all people we knew, and could not reasonably suspect of running a spree at that hour of the night. I would have stayed on, but my wife would not hear of it. We made an excuse and left the next morning."



COPPER HOLE.

"Whose boat is it?" piped the Child.

"Blackbeard's," replied the Count, conclusively.

"Who is Blackbeard?"

"*Ma chère*, you have never read 'Tom Cringle's Log' or 'The Master of Ballantrae.' Otherwise you would know that 'Blackbeard' was a noted pirate. He visited Trinidad in 1716, and pillaged a ship loaded with cocoa in the harbour. Merely that, I believe, so far as facts go. But legends—oh, galore!"

"Why does he come to Saint Mary's Bay?"

"After buried treasure, I suppose. Isn't that the regular thing in the story books?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I ought to have guessed it. He wants to come on shore, but that lovely statue of Saint Mary in front prevents his landing."

"Right, right, my child.—A cocktail? No thank you.—Good gracious, you have got hold of Henry!"

The dusky one-eyed compounder of inebriants grinned all over. He was evidently a celebrity—like Blackbeard.

"There's the man to give you stories of ghosts and *soucouyens*. Well, chin-chin."

"What is a *soucouyen*?" queried the Child.

"My dear it is late, and the *remous* is just beginning."

"What is the *remous*?"

The Count made a dash for his hat, and ran down the gravel path. "*Au revoir*," he called out, getting into his boat. "Henry will enlighten you on local topics."

Whether or not the Phantom Boat passed that night, this deponent is unable to say. The Magnate had the Manager of his Oil Company bawling at him all night, about derricks and sumps and seeps and financial matters. Blackbeard and ship-mates would have wanted powerful megaphones to get a hearing.

Next morning, at early coffee, however, Scribbler was to the fore with his inevitable "legend." A short one, for a mercy. He afterwards got somebody—the Child, I suspect—to set it to music. Nobody, thank goodness, seemed to care to sing it. Not on account of the music, I assured the Child. She made some unintelligible remark, and left the room.

I.

IV.

THE AUTHENTIC LEGEND OF
M'AN GROSDENT.

(As told by an Irish Dominican Father).

Oh, M'an Grosdent was a witch indeed,
And a grand old witch was she ;
She sold her soul to the Devil twice,
And cheated him of his fee.
But when it came to the third compact,
The Devil he swore an oath,
That he would have M'an Grosdent's soul,
Though she were never so loath.

Oh M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

He gave her the girth of the good green earth,
And the height of the clouds that soar,
And a voice that spoke like a thunder peal,
Or the wild Tornado's roar ;
He gave her the speed of the rushing winds,
And the strength of the whelming seas ;
And teeth that could bite through the hardest rock,
For she bargained for all these.

Oh M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

Seven hundred years he granted her,
To do as she should please ;
The earth was weary of her deeds,
Awearry were the seas.
She slew the infant in its cot,
The monarch on his throne,
She grew and she slew, till the years ran through,
And the Devil came for his own.

Oh M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !



FIRST BOCA.
SIERRA DEL DIABLO AND M'AN TETERON'S TOOTH.

But when the Devil saw her there,
Tis sore afraid was he ;
For she had grown so tall, so stout,
He reached scarce to her knee.
“ Oh come with me, Machree,” says he,
“ And come with me, my dear :
“ Have I not done your full pleasure,
“ So many and many a year ? ”
Oh M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

“ My full pleasure,” quoth she, “ forsooth !
“ Small pleasure have I known ;
“ But if I need must go with you,
“ Tis go I must, ochone !
“ So make your back both strong and broad,
“ And fly with me with heed ;
“ For I'm old and frail, and if I fall,
“ Oh, 'twill be the Devil indeed ! ”
Oh, M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

The Devil he flew o'er Montserrat,
With M'an Grosdent on his back ;
But when he saw Tucuche's height,
He cried, “ Ochone, alack !
“ I never can fly so high,” said he,
“ With such an awful load ; ”
And he turned from the hills, and made for the isles,
And he spilt her on the road !
Oh, M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

At Diego Martin, 'tis known for certain,
She came down with a thud ;
For witches there, enough and to spare,
Have sprung from the witch's blood.
Her heart is buried at Hart's Cut,
Her head is Gasparee ;
And there in sooth, you may see her tooth,
Oh, a good mile out at sea.
Oh, M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

And do you doubt this legend old ?
Or is it proof you crave ?
Go, visit Gasparee, my child,
And see the wondrous cave.
Oh, that is M'an Grosdent's brain-pan ;
The little Cave's her eye ;
And if you don't believe it now,
Why—neither in truth do I !
Oh, M'an Grosdent, Dent M'an Grosdent !

S.

NOTES.

The Count took us to Pointe Baleine, where the remains of an old whale-oil refinery still stand to explain the name. What we went to see, however, was "The Caves": (see Legend VIII).

Towards the evening the parish priest of Diego Martin and the Isles came to call, and brought with him one of the Fathers from Saint Mary's College. Two such brogues you never heard ! One could observe Scribbler assimilating them for literary purposes.

The next legend was bound to be "brogued."

A rock in the First Boca is pointed out to visitors as "*M'an* (i.e., Madame) *Teteron's Tooth*." Teteron Village, called after a respectable French-Creole family of the same designation, is close by. Hence the nickname. No harm is thought if it. Who the individual ancestress was, nobody knows. Nobody cares either. The rock has always been called so. It is rather a family distinction.

Now, had Scribbler invented something complimentary, something nice, to explain the size of the lady's tooth, probably the Terteron family would have complimented *him*. With a fine mackerel, say. Or a fair-sized grouper. When not too large, a grouper, done with a good wine sauce (*Vieille au vin*), is a most delicious dish.

No, no : that is not Scribbler's way.

The name Teteron is not sonorous enough for him. Also he is a Royalist. *Round-heads*, Cromwell's men, are his historical antipathies. French Round-heads, *Têtes-rondes*, even in the twentieth century and the West Indies, and though the best Catholics in the world, find Scribbler indifferent, not to say hostile. To work up a lagging inspiration he must change the name.

Now, to me, this appears mean. The Teteron family were in possession, so to speak, and entitled to mention. Still, blessings sometimes come in disguise, and so it happened to the Teterons. Scribbler's explanation of the Tooth was *not* nice, *not* complimentary.

You will read it in the legend. Endorse it personally, I will not! M'an Gros-Dent (Grosse-Dent) and her creator, must settle matters between themselves. I am thankful, at any rate, that the respectable *M'an Teteron* is out of it.

"*Diego Martin Witches*." Father O'Dowd, who is a wag, stuffed Scribbler with tales about women who wrote Latin, yet could not read a word of English, and such-like fairy tales. Scribbler, having no sense of humour, took it all seriously.

"*Hart's Cut*," however, is a deliberate attempt to mislead the reader. The word is "*Hart*," not *heart*, to begin with. Also it was clearly explained to Scribbler that it stood for a gaoler of the name of Lovelace-Hart, who employed the prisoners on Carrera Island, a penal settlement half a mile away, to make the *cut* or canal which bears his name. Scribbler was really too unscrupulous.

Tucuche is commonly reputed to be the highest mountain in the island. Cerro Naranjo, in Toco, and Aripo, near Arima, however, dispute the claim.

Montserrat is a lowish range in the centre of the island. On its slopes flourish many fine cocoa estates, belonging to old French-Creole families, including the Count's. According to him, the allegation that the Devil "*flew o'er Montserrat*" is likely to be resented. They are all sportsmen and good Catholics, and would have shot the Devil at sight, had he really come there.

"*Neither in truth do I*." This is the most bare-faced hoax of all. I think it decidedly unfair of Scribbler to have gone away, and left me to bear the brunt of publishing it. Only an elevated consciousness of rectitude, besides my plighted word to the deceased, induces me to shoulder the responsibility.

I.

V.

THE MAN OF ELD'S STORY.

(a) *Gasparillo.*

"Go you not near the rock, my child ! Go you not
near the isle !

The man of Eld inhabits there, and he will you beguile."

"What would he do to me, father ? What would he do
to me ? "

"He'd weave you legends old and strange, and tales of
grammerye :

Legends and rhymes of bygone times, and things so
long ago,

The world has forgot if they're true or not, and it's
better to leave them so."

"What is the old man like, father ?"—"Like a rock
in its mossy bed ;

For he sits so still that the birds at will may rest on
the dreamer's head.

He's shrivelled and shrunk like a gnarled trunk, and
never a word says he,

Till the spell is broke by the little folk that cluster
around his knee,

With their tricks and their smiles, and their simple
wiles, and voices so clear and so shrill.

Not a word can he hear, but they tickle his ear ; and
he'll laugh to himself and weep,

And laugh again, like the sun and the rain ; and he's
off with his tales, until

The moon is high in the eastern sky, and the little ones
all asleep.

Oh, he's bleared and blind, and out of his mind ; Oh,
out of his mind is he,

For he tells them tales of dragons and whales, and
countries under the sea,

And a continent all wrecked and rent ; and he waves
an ancient chart,

Where things that were, oh, they live and they stir,
by some sleight of his magic art !

(b) *The Lost Atlantis.*

"See, see," cries he, with elfish glee, "there great
Atlantis lay;
That mighty power—and in an hour it all had passed
away!
Its towers high that mocked the sky, they toppled to
their fall;
You need not stare—I, I was there, and saw it all."

"Its towers mocked the sky," quoth he, "its mountains
rose sublime;
And ships came there from every sea, and folks from
every clime;
The pride of all the earth beside, a greater Babylon,
It stood there for a thousand years—and now 'tis gone!"

"They were a subtle race," quoth he; "the weak
bowed to the strong;
'Twas who could take, and who would make the right
appear the wrong,
And wrong seem right. By day, by night, their cunning
deeds were done.
There was a price for every vice—for virtue, none!"

"The poor, they died unpitied there; the beggar
begged in vain;
While song and feast, and laugh and jest rang o'erhead,
in the rain
The shivering wretch scarce dared to stretch his hand
out for a dole
. . . . "A crust? A curse!" . . . Oh, the power of
the purse, it ruled the whole.

But oh, I ween, 'twas a lovely scene, in the blaze of
the burning noon,
To see the ships come sailing in, over the great lagoon;
And an endless throng, it poured along the streets and
the crowded quays . . .
'Mid the maze of men it murmured then like the hum
of bees.

But 'twas lovelier yet, ere the sun had set, when a
golden glow was thrown
On the rocky heights of the God's Delights, where
the gilded temples shone ;
And the lights came out in the town below, like the
stars in the dim blue sky
Oh, it's past and gone, and the only one that's left—
is I ! ”

(c) *The Warning.*

“ At mid, mid-night the air was rent . . .
A voice was heard, “ Repent, repent ! ”
The city was all in wonderment.
A second night it came again . . .
The cry was louder, “ Refrain, refrain ! ”
And the outer mole was burst in twain.
The people were troubled a little space,
And stared up in the heavens, agaze.
Then they went back to their former ways.
The third night was a trumpet blown . . .
The voice cried, “ Atone, atone ! ”
The people mocked, and said, “ Cry on ! ”

(d) *The Yearly Feast.*

The wind blew ever out of the east ;
The sea came swollen, and frothed like yeast ;
By night it moaned like a hungry beast.
No man heeded the least, the least ;
The day had come of the yearly Feast,
When hands should be laid on the new High Priest ;
And the foreign gods should be daubed with mud,
And the city's ways be wet with blood,
And thousands cast on the watery flood ;
And their smoke go up from the sacred wood ;
And the lofty space where the temple stood
Be filled with a gloating multitude.



HART'S CUT: "GOPPEE."

(e) *The Cataclysm.*

In mid-city the chasm broke. It yawned to the middle
earth.

Oh, the horrid sight !
Hapless those eyes which it befell to see that portent's
birth.

Horror infinite !
Happy the blind who could not see, and the deaf whose
ears were stopped,
When the mounting wave came as a rushing grave, and
the hills were overtopped.

Oh, living things—nor arms, nor wings, availed you in
that hour ;

Nor height, nor depth, nor speed, nor stealth, could
'scape the Slayer's power.

Oh, ocean was a ravenous beast, an all-devouring tomb ;
His spuming spate was flocked with fate, his billows
big with doom.

In vain Earth rose, in vain she strove, against the
mountainous tide ;

Mountain with mountain, vast with vast, the storming
foe replied.

Oh fierce and fast his furious blast drove on the
whelming flood ;

More fierce, more fast his waves he cast, where still
Earth's giants stood.

With stroke on stroke the hills he broke ; he trampled
them like mire :

He cried aloud, and every cloud rebellowed with his ire !
No check, no stay—from far away his waters gathered
still,

Till wrecked and rent, a continent lay broken to his will.
No pity yet ! No cease, no let—the waters grew and grew,
And more and more the shrinking shore receded from
the view :

From end to end, from breadth to breadth, the water
searched and slew ;

From side to side it weltered wide. The will of God
came true !

(f) *The Remnant.*

Tears fall fast from the old man's eyes, and he maunders on with a sigh.

" Oh, it's past and gone, and the only one that's left of the race is I !

" It was a lovely place, I ween, and its end was wondrous sad ;

" There's nothing of it left," quoth he, "*save only Trinidad !*"

When the chasm broke, and the whole world shook, at the reft of that ruinous breach,

It slipped off like a lizard's tail, and wriggled away out of reach.

" It wriggled away out of reach," quoth he, " and curled right up in a knot ;

" That's why one side is an anticline, and the other side is nought

" It's a very deep matter, that," quoth he, " and wants a lot of thought ! "

S.

NOTES.

Saint Mary's Bay stands on the island of Gaspar Grande, commonly called Gasparee. Opposite it is a smaller island variously known as Gasparillo, Little Gasparee, " Scorpion Island " and " Goppee." Scribbler and the Child used to go there to gather a white orchid called "*La Vierge*," which grows only about the Bocas.

That was the first step in the evolution of this " Legend." The next was when we went to town to hear a lecture on the Lost Atlantis, delivered by the late Mr. Lechmere Guppy, at the Queen's Royal College. Sir F. Watts, Royal Commissioner for Agriculture in the West Indies, also spoke. Both joined in vouching for the existence of a submerged continent, whose western shore, thrown higher than the rest by reason of the subsidence eastward, was visible in the semi-circle of the Caribbean Islands. One gave their eastern limit as the original shore line. That, to us, seemed obvious. The other, for recondite reasons, made it run through the middle of Antigua, which he had just visited.

Apart from his contributions to scientific periodicals, lectures, etc., Mr. Lechmere Guppy was a man of remarkable individuality. Tall, gaunt, white-haired, grey-bearded, rugged in speech, combative in his opinions. A whiff of cold air seemed to go with him wherever he went. Watching him stride over the savannah, one imagined it a Yorkshire moor.

I went with Mrs. Magnate and the Child, also the inseparable Scribbler, to see the old gentleman's collection of shells, books, charts and what not. Speaking of the islands, he let fall that "Scorpion Island," *alias* "Goppee," had belonged to his father.

"Oh, how lovely!" This from the Child, of course. "You must build a house, and come and live there."

For the best of reasons, Mr. Guppy explained, he could not. The island had by an oversight become forfeit to the Crown. Being near Chaguaramas Bay, it would be valuable were a long-standing scheme to run a railway there and make Chaguaramas a deep-water harbour for the Capital, ever carried out. Consequently, on applying for a re-grant, he had been refused.

"What a shame!" shrilled the Child. "Oh, Mr. Guppy, I would love to see you standing on that cliff at the east end, waving the chart you have now in your hand, and your hair streaming in the breeze.—Dear Mrs. Guppy, you must not be jealous, but I love your husband! I really do. He is such a dear!"

Drivelling idiocy! Happily the Guppys were good-natured people, and did not take offence.

The Child's word was law to Scribbler. Was she in love with old Guppy? Then, Scribbler was in love with old Guppy too. His shells, his charts, his lectures, his Lost Atlantis, everything. He took them all, and, jumbling everything together, hatched out perhaps the very worst legend in his deplorable collection.

If, as seems probable, the Man of Eld represents Mr. Lechmere Guppy, it is an atrocious travesty. Also, Mr. Guppy, a man of scientific accuracy and conscientious regard for fact, would certainly have repudiated the narrative put into his mouth. To vouch for a continent having once existed, is a long way from charging its inhabitants with abnormal depravity, attributing their submersion to divine vengeance, and all the rest of Scribbler's nonsense.

Scribbler's delineation of Atlantean sinfulness, by the way, is miserably inadequate. What he says about "making the

wrong appear the right " would apply to any mercantile community. Especially so, however, to the legal profession, which may in fact be said to exist by such means. (I am a barrister myself). Again, the idolatry of the people is too vague. Nobody could say what they worshipped.

" *A gloating multitude.*" What, pray, was there to gloat over? The reader, anyhow, gets scarce a whiff of whatever was going. Scribbler being so fond of local colour, it is strange it did not occur to him that on the shores of the Caribbean Sea (see Legend II for the etymology of "cannibal"), a realistic description of a long-pig entertainment on a considerable scale was a virtual necessity.

To return to Mr. Lechmere Guppy, it is only after obtaining the consent of all members of his family that we give this first "Man of Eld's Tale," also a second (Legend XXII) to the light. Under the circumstances we consider the responsibility is no longer ours. Should the esteemed scientist be looking on from another sphere, we would ask him kindly to note this.

" *There's nothing of it left . . . save only Trinidad.*" Scribbler is invariably wrong in his geology. The other Caribbean islands are remnants of the Atlantis. Not Trinidad. Look at the Northern Range from San Fernando, then you will see what it is—a spur of the Mountains of Paria.

" *Anticline.*" This is a nonsensical allusion to the Oil Fields. They are to the south and centre of the island, on an alluvial formation. The contrast of the Northern Range is very striking.

Scribbler had written another finish to this tale. We give it below. The reader will judge which is worst.

" *The Main,*" is, of course, the Spanish Main, i.e., the coast of Venezuela, in which Columbus first beheld the mainland of America.

" . . . wriggled away out of reach.
How? How, indeed! Yet it must—it did :
See, see, on the chart again ;
That bulgy lump, there it broke from the rump ;
Here's the tip of the tail, quite plain.
What gave it spring? Why, the snap of the ring—
When the hills were snapt in twain :
Then her pitch below was so buoyant, lo,
It floated her off to the Main !
It floated her off to the Main, my dear,
That's why she's there to-day,
Like an orphan child—or a flowret wild,
From a realm that has passed away."

"*Buoyant.*" Scribbler knew as well as anyone that Trinidad pitch, or asphalt, is not buoyant in water. What he had in mind, probably, was the occasional appearance of small new islands, such as "Le Hunte Island." That came to the surface on 3rd November, 1911. It sunk, wholly or in part, a few years later. The pitch and oil formations are supposed to have to do with these phenomena.

I.

VI.

CORSAIR'S BAY.

Oh where, and oh where is Corsair's Bay ?
And oh where, and oh where can it be ?
I have scanned the chart, I have searched every part
Of this lovely azure sea.
I can find no clue, yet it must be true ;
For legends old accord :
" Who steers his way to Corsair's Bay
May find the dead man's hoard."

Oh who, and oh who was the pirate bold,
And oh who, and oh who can he be,
Who buried his hoard on the grassy sward
Of this land-encircled sea ?
Flynn, Morgan, Teach, Mansveld ; of which
Do legends old accord :
" Who steers his way to Corsair's Bay,
May find the dead man's hoard ?"

Oh when, and oh when shall I find it out,
And oh when, and oh when shall I see
Great piles of plate, and of pieces-of-eight,
By this sapphire-gleaming sea ?
Oh, they must be there, though I know not where,
For legends old accord :
" Who steers his way to Corsair's Bay,
May find the dead man's hoard."

S.



CORSAIR'S BAY (WINN'S BAY.)

NOTES.

Said by some people to be Winn's Bay, on the south of Gaspar Grande, about the centre of the island. Captain Mallett's map, 1898, distinctly marks it "Corsair's Bay." Other people, however, put forward other views.

We believe there is a tradition regarding a treasure. As to "legends," if any really existed elsewhere than in Scribbler's brain, there must have been several variants. So at least his notes suggest. For example, "May find the Old Man's hoard," or "the Devil's hoard." Again, "Who hits upon a hidden bay," or "the hidden bay"; and here, just as with regard to "Corsair's Bay," the chart holds out a specious clue by giving the title "Puerto escondido," hidden bay, to—What? Chaquaramas Bay, a place as well known as any in the island!

One would have imagined that the meagre hoard of a seventeenth or eighteenth century filibuster, who murdered Spaniards for a song, out of piety as it were, just because they were papists, and probably drank and gambled away nine-tenths of whatever petty gains he did make, would have been insufficient to interest a modern heiress. No such thing! The Child was crazy to find "the dead man's hoard," and read Esquemling from end to end to judge whether L'Ollonois or Sharpe, or one of the worthies enumerated in Scribbler's jingle had best deserved to be dubbed "Devil" or "Old Man" by his intimate friends or by posterity.

She consulted the Magnate about it. "I am worse than any of them myself," he asserted meekly. "So at least the newspapers say,"

"How topping! It is worth living to have a super-pirate dad. Somewhat worthy souls they must have been, don't you think, those old buccaneers?"

This to Scribbler, who of course agreed. "Priceless crowd," summed up his unbiassed judgment for the moment. That was the sort of jargon they talked. I have known those two young persons keep a whole roomful of grave sensible men and women listening in wonder and annoyance while they discussed in nasal tones whether sour-sop ice-creams were best, or the grenadilla flavouring at the Plutocrat was the last word in that momentous branch of human provender.

"James, don't forget your subscription to the new orphanage," put in Mrs. Magnate. Something biblical about widows' houses had no doubt been suggested to her obsolescent mind. As children the Magnates and she had gone to Sunday

school together in some poky suburb where such institutions dominated. Whatever had been his sins as a financier, one felt certain she was innocent. The loss of older children centred her mind, and his too, upon the Child, with an intensity which it was touching to watch. Neither beyond middle-age—though business cares had given him a touch of premature decrepitude—they might have entertained, gone into society and had a gorgeous time with so much money to fling about. Nothing in that line! What would the Child like? Was her cough better? Would a sea-voyage be beneficial? That was all their thought, and so they came to Trinidad. But to one other interest, be it said to their credit, their hearts still remained open: *orphans*. The Magnate subsidised as many orphanages, nearly, as Carnegie did libraries, and Mrs. Magnate's heart was ever ardent to increase the number. It was her hobby as well as his. Placid externally, she may internally have regarded James as a sort of monstrous factory, taking in widows' houses at one end, and turning out orphanages at the other. Who will venture to say how, in her secret mind, any woman regards the business activities of her lord and master?

But to return to Corsair's Bay, Scribbler nearly got drowned trying to find an under-water channel, which someone had assured them connected the Big Cave, not with Winn's Bay, but with a small cove nearly opposite. Naturally, when he had remained down long enough to be drowned, I thought it my duty to prevent her going to his rescue. That was common-sense, surely. How could I have gone back and told her father and mother that she was drowned? The Magnate liked Scribbler well enough, but he would have drowned a hundred of the breed with as little compunction as so many puppies, before his child, his prodigy, came to any harm.

What reward did I get? To be flung in the water myself, as if I were a puppy; and how she got Scribbler to the surface I cannot pretend to tell, because I had enough to do getting to shore myself.

I.

VII.

BOCA CHIMES.

In the air there is a chiming, stealing far from out the
west,
Where the crimson sun is sinking, o'er the mountains
to his rest.
Oft, at eve, I hear that chiming, solemn, silvery, dying
fast ;
'Tis as from some Chapel hidden 'mid these Bocas wild
and vast.
Chime, chime, chime ! God is Eternity, the world is
Time !

Oft, at eve, I've sought that chiming ; sought it by the
lone sea shore,
'Mong the islets and the reaches, where the seabird
hovers o'er ;
'Mid the ebb- and 'mid the flow-tide, 'mid the *remous*'
rune-like moan,
Till my heart is sick with longing, and my eyes are
weary grown.
Chime, chime, chime ! God is Eternity, the world is
Time !

Somewhere, somewhere that fair Chapel hidden lies
from mortal ken,
In an elder world of wonder, for a race of sinless men ;
And they kneel in the old arches, young and old, and
evermore
Rises up the rich, undoubting, simple faith of days of
yore.
Chime, chime, chime ! God is Eternity, the world is
Time !

Might I find it, might I enter, kneel within its hallowed
shrine,
Lave me at its mossy fountain, it might calm this heart
of mine ;
Still the anguish, still the grieving, heal all sorrow,
cleanse all sin. . . .
But the Way is deep in shadow, and the Light is all
within.
Chime, chime, chime ! God is Eternity, the world is
Time !

S.

NOTES.

Somebody, I forget who, entertained us one day with a vague tradition, said to exist among the fisher people, about voices being heard in the Second Boca.

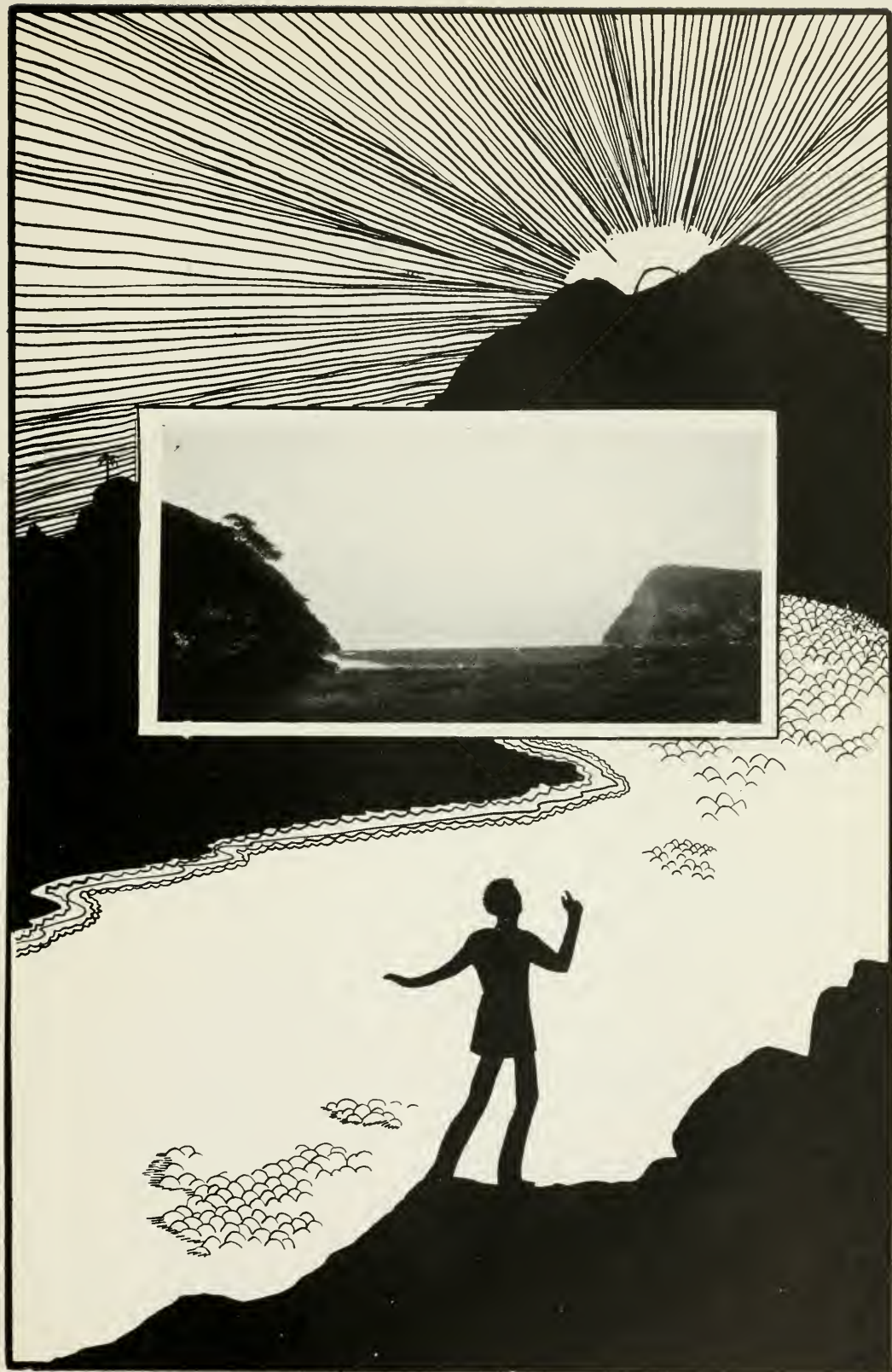
Men's voices. Young men's, I think, the idea was.

Certainly no women's.

Scribbler takes a hold of this, and of course spoils it. He must have a mixed congregation, or the Child would be displeased. He deliberately sacrifices what might have been a sort of *Parsifal Legend*. Yes, sacrifices it. For surely the natural thing would have been to introduce Papa Teteron and his sons as Cenobites, leading a mysterious life like Amfortas, or whatever his name was, and *his* sons.

But no, Scribbler always knew better than anyone else.

I.



SECOND BOCA.

VIII.

THE THREE CAVES.

I.

In Gasparee there are caverns three,
Deep down in the earth beneath :
Oh, one is the " Folly," one is the " Bee,"
And the name of the third is " Death."
But oh, the " Folly " is melancholy,
And the " Bee " is a drowsy drone ;
Woe worth the claim, a right to its name
Belongs to " Death " alone.

2.

Ay, the " Folly " is melancholy, sea-mined in a crooked
shaft,
Where beams from the blue come seldom through,
though the tides run fore and aft.
Darkened as a magic casement, lo, it opes on blinding
seas,
Rainbows, mountains, ruby fountains, foaming down
on golden lees ;
Naiads beckoning 'mid the billows, Tritons floating at
their ease.
Fairy fooling, fairy spite,
Mocking still the baffled sight !
Quick the landscape clouds, it changes ; scuds the
storm-rack with its gloom,
Gleaming arms and golden tresses vanish in a rushing
tomb ;
And the heart is chilled, remembering fate's irrevocable
doom :
When life is sweetest, love is deepest, comes the shadow
—comes the pall ;
And grief unending, unavailing, wakes for joys beyond
recall.

3.

The "Bee"—it is always a-buzz. As a street that is
 never still,
 All night the waggons rumble on, all day the criers shrill,
 And men that laugh and men that weep go round as in
 a mill :
 Even so the "Bee" is busy, her channels are ever full,
 And the goal of their meeting is murmurous in the
 heart of the centre pool.
 It murmurs on in a fruitless drone, and its lap is a cheer-
 less din ;
 There is never the note of a song-bird's throat, not the
 flash of a wing or fin,
 For the bitter breeze of the broken sea is all that enters in.

4.

Silent and very peaceful, as some old burial ground,
 Deep hidden in a valley by giant cliffs ringed round,
 And over-arched by immemorial pines,
 Amid the storm-swept Apennines ;
 Above, the thronging clouds may burst in lightning
 and in rain,
 Below the thunder roll and mutter far over the drench-
 ing plain ;
 But in that dim valley silence and peace remain :
 So here, where all else different seems, above, without,
 around—
 Where tropic seas plash fitfully, and ever in between,
 Gorgeous in crimson, gold and green,
 Strange-plumaged birds prolong the cadence of their
 joyless song,
 As if it never would be done,
 Beneath the cloudless tropic sun ;
 Yet in the hush of the hollow hill,
 In this cavern old and grey,
 As some cathedral ruin left by ages passed away,
 And crumbling to decay,

Like silence reigns, like quiet rests,
And majestic tranquillity,
The emblem of eternity,
Absorbs the little cares that throng men's little breasts.

5.

See, in the lesser chamber, as 'twere the portico,
Whence sinks the dark shaft—look, beware—deep to the
 vault below,
A writing on the wall is plain to eyes unsealed ; it saith—
“ All grief, all fear abandon here, ye who descend to
 Death.”

So doing, some man, fated, wise,
With the vision in his eyes,
May haply see, by that clear water's brink,
A *Something* which hath eyes and ears
To mark the fall of human tears,
And estimate man's grief ;
Yet hath no hands to give back aught,
No words with blessing fraught
To bring relief
To the sorrow of death ;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor love, nor hate,
Lodge in his heart dispassionate ;
But only he is wise
With the wisdom of the skies,
Enigmatical and cold as mortals deem.

6.

Up, up, fond heart ! Be true :
So shalt thou never rue,
To love in life is but a little thing
To be the spirit's offering ;
Sentient, mute, grave,
And tranquil as the gloom
Of this unfathomable cave
Bear thou thy doom.

S.

NOTES.

About the time we returned to town, Scribbler had news of a friend's death. One he had known all his life, a school-fellow, and later on a comrade-in-arms. They used to correspond. In the same mail with the official notice was a letter in the deceased's hand-writing. That affected Scribbler more than anything else. The young soldier had got his M.C. and wrote in the highest spirits. "He must have been fey," was the way Scribbler put it.

Curiously enough, Scribbler—at least, so he declared—had intended to write about the Gasperee Caves in a bright, almost a humorous way; but when he sat down to doggerelise (before the bulletin had come, be it noted), *hey—presto—cockalorum*, the pen must needs run away with Scribbler—and drivel out the commencement of this lamentable effusion. The completed production is more an elegy on his friend than a description of anything which anybody else ever saw at Gasperee.

A Trinidadian talks of "The Caves" as an American might of the Rockies or Niagara. In point of fact the largest is "some cave." Only it wants sweetening. The dust of millennia is there to deal with.

When that was done, decoration might begin.

The prime need, however, is a proper staircase. The existing ladder is a danger to life. The Magnate stuck half-way when coming up. Only bellows to mend. Yet quite serious enough in his by no means robust state of health. He took it very coolly, I *will* say. But the Child, safe in the Upper Cave, must needs get hysterical about him, be carried up another ladder by Scribbler, and laid to "cool out" in the breeze. The sort of thing one sees in the movies!

In the dry season, when the trees overhanging the central aperture are leafless, a fair amount of daylight gets into the cave at mid-day. In the morning and afternoon, however, especially during the rainy season, electric lighting would improve the effect.

Scribbler and the Child bathed in the miniature gulf in the centre of the Cave. Nay, more, they went right into the perilous "Unknown" (see Mr. Harry Vincent's book, page 61). Two fools to take the risk, I say.

"The Folly." Scribbler hits off this cave (which is opposite the landing-place) rather well, as "sea-mined in a crooked shaft." You can walk a certain distance, but must swim under water to go through. The opening beyond may well be called "a magic casement," owing to the fairy-like beauty of the scene westward, with the magnificent Venezuelan mountains, twenty leagues away, as its background.

"The Bee." We have never been in this cave, therefore can say nothing about it.

I.

IX.

LA SIERRA DEL DIABLO.

Oh, Teach he came in booming
Under a press of sail ;
He came in like a conqueror—
Let all the island quail !
His guns were loaded to the mouth,
His men armed to the teeth ;
Oh, Teach, he rode in like a king,
And at his side was Death.
A prettier pair you never saw ;
O-ho-ho and the Devil's Saw !

Proudly, proudly, with the tide,
His ship came booming on ;
She struck upon a hidden reef
And all her pride was gone.
By Teteron's Bay it stands this day,
For all the world to view ;
And Teach's brave " Queen Anne's Revenge,"
It gored her through and through.
A prettier sight you never saw ;
O-ho-ho and the Devil's Saw !

S.

NOTES.

Now comes what we feel bound to describe as Scribbler's "*Sanguinary Period*." He got "Blackbeard" on the brain. Everywhere he went that blood-thirsty monster followed him. That will be clearly seen later on. Legends XXIII, XXIV.

Just at the inner end of the First Boca is a reef several hundred yards in length, high above water at low-tide, submerged and invisible at high-water. Then is the dangerous time, and many a gallant vessel has come to grief on *La Sierra del Diablo*, "The Devil's Saw," as the Spaniards called it.

It is certain, however, that "Blackbeard" (i.e., Teach) never came to grief there. He had captured a French Guinea ship, fitted her up as a war ship with forty guns, and called her, "The Queen Anne's Revenge." Much Queen Anne had to do with the matter! In all probability, she would have hanged "the Last of the Buccaneers," as he has been called, had she caught him. Her successor's representative, Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of the "Pearl," made short work of him in the end. Meanwhile, he came to Trinidad, plundered his cocoa ship and departed. Not a scratch, not a shot the worse, so far as history shows. Certainly without the loss of his "Queen Anne's Revenge," which was wrecked in 1718 on a reef in Topsail Inlet, North Carolina (see Dict. of National Biography, s.v. "Teach."). Scribbler's pretence that the "Queen Anne's Revenge" perished on the "Devil's Saw" is therefore directly contrary to known facts.

Scribbler would not mind that. It was, indeed, the sort of thing he loved.

So he explained to me. The poet, on his theory, ought to consider possibilities, not facts. *La Sierra del Diablo* might have gored "The Queen Anne's Revenge": *argal*, for "legendary" purposes, it did gore her.

I.

X.

SAINTE MARIE DE TETERON.

Longing.

I.

When the soft light dawns, ere the warm light dies,
At the wedding of the moonlight and the sunlight in
the skies ;
When afar on the slumbering ocean's breast
The shadows of vast brooding mountains rest ;
And lilac shapes on the Boca's stream,
Oh, they glide on to music like things in a dream.
Then the Angelus strikes with its silvery tone :
Sainte Marie de Teteron.

Oh, fair is the earth, and the sea more fair,
At the wedding of the moonlight and the sunlight in
the air ;
And how fair, beyond all words, must be
The fields of God which the blessed see,
And the crystal stream which flows away,
Through a city of gold, 'mid an endless day ;
Oh, give us to see it, every one,
Sainte Marie de Teteron.

Ah, there is a land that lies between ;
At the wedding of the sunlight and the moonlight it is
seen ;
Fair, fair as gold in the sunset's glow,
But giant clouds keep guard below ;
And it fades so fast, anon 'tis gone.
Sainte Marie de Teteron.

Only to view that land so bright,
At the wedding of the sunlight and the soft moonlight,
I would wander far through the twilight fair ;
And to climb the hills and enter there
I would give a Crown, if I had one,
Sainte Marie de Teteron.

Her Good Angel.

2.

“ Ah little maid, beware, beware !
You have a Crown that Jesus gave,
A crown of innocence, more fair
Than aught gleams on the western wave.

’Twas bought for you with the blood He shed,
And Christ’s own fingers laid it on,
When you prayed to Him in loving dread,
In your holy first Communion.

I fear for you, dear child—I fear ;
This longing is a thing of ill :”
Her angel whispered in her ear
She prayed no more, but she murmured on still.

First Tempter.

3.

“ Child of sorrow,
Child of sin,
First borrow
An old pin,
Some curst witch
Has used to prick
Doll of pitch
Or shape of stick,
By her skill
In magic sleight
So to kill
Some poor wight.

Next the web
Of Tarentelle
Take to make
The wizard spell ;



TETERON BAY.

Temper it
With flame and flood,
Serpent's spit,
And vampire's blood ;
Temper it
With flood and flame ;
Sacre it
In Obi's name."

" Witch-nurse, avaunt ! 'Tis an evil spell
Would drag my soul to the nethmost hell."

Second Tempter.

4.

" List to the song of the sea,
How it plashes merrily
Over the shells that lie,
Like gems 'neath the moon-dawn's eye ;
Over the shelving rocks
Where the mermaid combs her locks ;
Over the caverns deep,
Where the drowned seamen sleep ;
In a bark of cocoa pod,
Almond or millet cod ;
Without wind or tide
Safely shall you glide
With Lilith for your guide"

" Such a guide, methinks, would be
More peril than the perilous sea."

Third Tempter.

5.

“ Into the land of dreams,
'Mid bulrushes, and streams
That creep with never a sound
Over and under ground,
So that now you swim
O'er the horizon's brim,
And now you dive and sink
Deep to the nether brink,
Where stars shine far below,
And pallid moons arise
And set in unknown skies,
That gleam yet never glow :
Come with me,
And you shall see
The famous land of Faërie”

“ Let's go, let's go !
My brain's a-fire, my heart's aglow
The wonders of that land to know !”

Escape Prevented.

6.

A thousand year, a thousand year, a thousand year of
faërie mirth ;
Then she heard the church bells faint and clear down
on the middle-earth.
Her breast she crost, lest her soul be lost, and soft she
'gan to pray
“ Toad and topaz ! Ring her round 'ere she can hence
away !”
They clasped her hands, they strok'd her hair, they
crooned a magic lay.

A tumult grew ; they ran, they flew ; wild music filled
the air.
On with the dance !—No place, no chance to breathe an
old-world prayer.
Pomp and pageant passed in state ; war's mimic shows
unrolled :
Squire and knight, in armour bright, on steeds that
caracoled
On desuete lips the prayer slips she wist so well of old.

“ Weave it fourfold, weave it well ! Close the fairy
ring !
If her eyes should chance to ope, charm their wakening !”
Sore, sore she strove—the turmoil drove all orisons
from her mind.
“ Aha, 'tis done ! The prize is won ! These charms
have power to bind ;
Yet fill, fill up the magic cup that leaves but dreams
behind !

So shall she drink, and dreaming lie, still as a slumber-
ing lake,
That hears the seasons come and go in sounds of wood
and brake ;
Whisper of leaves, or leafless sigh the wintery boughs
among,
Cicala's glee, and melody of all the song-bird throng.
She's ours, she's ours, while days and hours and decads
glide along ! ”

Entranced.

7.

Asleep, asleep, so sound, so deep,
In the heart of the breathing woods,
That heave and stir as the winds recur
A-pulse with the rhythmic floods ;
But the little one, she sleepeth on,
Heedless of Nature's moods.

No sigh heaves she, she breathes no breath ;
No tear drips from her eye ;
For life too still, too fair for death,
She swoonds eternally ;
While things of life, with its woe, with its strife,
Indifferently go by.

Safe is the faëries' secret, safe !
No tales e'er tell shall she,
A cast-away, a weed, a waif
Ashore of time's long sea
That creeps 'mid its spume till the crack of doom,
When its depths revealed shall be.

The Bell.

8.

In Teteron Church there is a Bell,
God's blessing on its founder !
It hangs so high, it swings so well,
Ne'er was a rarer sounder.
It swings so wide, it sways so far,
It is a giant swarther ;
Its notes resound o'er land and sea,
They travel far and farther ;
It fights the fogs, it frights the fiends
And Baalzebub their father.

This mighty Bell was dedicate
To Mary, God's own mother,
Her children who doth ne'er forget,
But knoweth each from other.
She pitied this wee maid (I wis),
Cast in so sore a swoond,
And sent a message to the Bell
To wake her with his sound ;
The trusty Bell obeyed so well
It deafened all around.

The Priest—no, he was deaf of yore ;
It deafened all his boys ;
They donned their cassocks back before,
Bewildered by the noise.
Its clangour laid each gruesome shade,
Spook, jumby, treasure-sprite.
Snake, scorpion and centipede
Died self-stung in their fright :
Fish cast their scales ; the very whales
Went blowing out of sight.

Awaking.

9.

The child awakes . . . What does she see ?
Where are the woods, where is the sea ?
Her lair with fern and palm-leaf spread,
Is smoothed to a delicious bed ;
Above, where boughs and creepers met,
A gossamer mosquito net ;
And what had seemed a flowery tomb,
Smiles, narrowed to her own small room.
Her mother's arms are round her laid :
" Why, darling, you are not afraid !
Through all the din, you still slept on."
(The brave Bell ceased, his work was done).
" Now pray to Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Your childish sins may be forgiven,
And blessed angels, pure and bright,
Watch round your bed till morning light."

Moral.

10.

If ever longing fills your eyes,
At the wedding of the sunlight and the moonlight in
the skies,
And you gaze on realms that gleam afar,
In the crimson west where the mountains are,
Breathe a prayer—ay, many a one,
To Sainte Marie de Teteron.

S.

NOTES.

I spoke to Scribbler about the way he had slighted the Teteron family (*see* Legend VII). By way of amends he produced the foregoing.

Of all the childish

Being Editor, I will refrain from expressing what I feel. Perhaps the reader will express it for me.

"*Wedding of the moonlight and the sunlight*," a plethoric line, metrically; but the scene in the Bocas of an evening when the moon has risen before the sunlight fades, with the lilac shadows of the long Trinidad hills close around, and the magnificent panorama of the Venezuelan mountains in the distance, distinguishable, yet blending with the glories of the sunset, is transcendently lovely; and if anything could justify one in believing in fairy-land, it is such a view.

"*Obi*." I warned Scribbler that *Obi*, or *Obeah*, is not a deity, as he seemed to imagine, but either (a), in the proper sense, a thing, or mixture of things, put in the ground as a charm to cause sickness or death; or (b), in a wider sense, a kind of pretended sorcery or witchcraft practised by the negroes in Africa and in the West Indies.

"*Lilith*," or *Lilis*, according to apocryphal Hebrew tradition, Adam's first wife, and mother of innumerable demons.

"*Entranced*." Cf. the enchantment of Merlin by Vivian.

"*Treasure-sprite*." The Creoles have a great belief in buried treasures guarded by spirits.

"*Whales*." Whaling was till comparatively recent times a considerable industry in the Gulf of Paria. Hence the names "*Pointe Baleine*" and "*Copper-hole*." Cf. Legends III, IV and VIII.

"*Golfo de la Ballena*" ("Whale's Gulf"), was one of two names given to the Gulf by Columbus. Cf. Legend II.

I.

XI.

A MORNING VISION.

I lay when dawn was breaking,
And dreamed of days that were ;
The lapless tide was waking,
And birds began to stir,
E'en as they might in England
In a green midsummer.

All in a leafy thicket
Of jasmin, cool and lush,
They were as gay a picket
As ever sang in bush.
The *Chow-chow*, he sang loudest,
Sweet as an English thrush.

Well might his song be thrush-like,
A thrush, a thrush is he ;
His varied notes, they gush like
The song of brook or sea ;
His cousin over the water
Chants not more cheerily.

To him lest bard should tender
Some lesser meed of fame,
No touch of tropic splendour
Belies his sober claim—
A plain grey English minstrel
Under an Indian name.

Alike is your true singer
In all the climes that be ;
He loves the bright day-bringer,
He loves the pleasant lea ;
Not, not the swamp, the jungle,
Nor yet the lonesome sea.

There richer hues may glimmer,
As gruesome beasts go by—
The snake with coral shimmer,
The hawk with emerald eye ;
The gull shrill to the tempest,
The parrot shriek on high.

The songster scans the clearing,
He is a merry thief ;
With songs and ways endearing,
He steals away your grief ;
And well he knows the " Julie,"
The corn, the cabbage leaf.

The *God-bird*—have you guessed it ?
Your old-world " Jenny Wren ! "
Here, too, a favoured guest, it
Frequents the haunts of men.
One high within my chamber
Made chirp enough for ten.

In gamut still ascending,
Without, the *Jacamar*,
Trilled on and on, unending ;
I knew his note from far :
Methinks the quaintest choir-bird
Of all the birds that are.

A dozen little *Grass-birds*
Along my lattice came,
All with their proper pass-words,
Each with his family name ;
Their chief, the *Pico-Plata*,
Of ancient Spanish fame.

In black and white and yellow,
A rich Canary hue,
With cheery notes, and mellow,
The *Honey-Creeper* flew,
And perched on my old pipe-rack,
To join the merry crew.

These, ay, and many, many
A happy bird beside,
Sang joyously ; nor any
Gave heed to how I sighed,
A-listening to their lilting,
That might not be denied.

And still I lay a-dreaming,
And mourning on my bed,
Till all the east was beaming,
And half the west was red ;
A Colibri came flashing,
And hovered o'er my head.

Vermilion tiny ringlets
Looped in a golden crest ;
Two ruby flames for winglets,
And tiny opal breast,
So busily it bickered,
Nor might a moment rest.

Ah, winged gem, no sadness
Might ever dwell with you !
An ecstasy, a madness,
Dull mortals never knew,
Roared like a fairy furnace
Your rushing pinions through.

Rose-flashing, fiery-darting,
Passion- or angel-bid,
It touched my eyes ; and, smarting
In orb and drowsy lid,
I saw a sudden glory
From common vision hid.

Blue was the sky with millions
Of souls in azure sheen ;
Star spoke to star, and trillions
Of voices sang between ;
A never-ending present
Was as the past had been

A-top of an old stable,
My window near below,
Loud, loud, as he was able,
A cock began to crow ;
My morning vision ended,
And left me to my woe.

NOTES.

Supposed to have been " beholden " at Pointe Baleine. This is another production belonging to the period of Scribbler's mourning for his comrade-in-arms. Cf. Legend VIII. Here, it is noticeable, his grief is more resigned.

" *L'Enfant y est pour quelque chose*," (the Child has something to do with it), the Count declared.

Certainly the description of local song-birds, constituting the main interest of the poem, is playful, not to say humorous, in tone. It is exceptionally accurate too. Why? For a very simple reason; the Child began a collection of wild birds, and Scribbler had to study what he was writing about—a thing he very seldom troubled to do.

" *Colibri*," i.e., humming-bird. The description given corresponds to *Trochilus Moschitus*, the ruby-hued variety. By the bye, the theory about tropical song-birds being plain-coloured and frequenting cultivated parts, while gaudy ones are songless or utter only raucous cries and belong to the jungle, etc., originated with the Magnate. He, now, *was* an accurate observer. Remarkably good-natured too as a rule. When Scribbler stole the idea and put it in his verses, far from being angry the old man seemed quite bucked. Scribbler was a favourite with him. He knew his people in Canada, who, it came out later, were in a more important position than anyone would have imagined who only knew Scribbler. (See Legend XXVII).

The Magnate never liked me. He pretended to fall asleep when I explained how birds were classified : *raptores*, *incessores*, *rasores*, etc.; and once, on the voyage, when he found me sitting on deck with the Child, he was positively rude, I thought.

"*Chow-chow*," alias "day-clean" (because he heralds the dawn), or "Mocking Thrush," really a kind of thrush. A remarkable variety of notes, and would-be-dignified way of strutting about, with funny little half-flights. *Chow-chow* is a phonetic rendering of his call to his mate.

"*God-bird*." Everybody knows the old rhyme: "Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren are God's cock and hen." It is curious to find something analogous in the West Indies. Notes rather loud for "chamber music," which, however, he specially cultivates.

"*Jacamar*." This is more of an operatic fellow, going up and up chromatically, and getting very excited in the process. Long tail tipped with white.

"*Grass-birds*." So called because they feed on grass seeds; a numerous family, most of them with pretty little notes.

"*Pico-Plata*" ("Silver-beak,") is really a high-class performer. They are pugnacious little birds, despite their French patois nickname: "*Cici Zèbe*." *Cici* means little fellow or puny thing; *Zèbe* stands for *des herbes*. (See "*Oiseaux de l'Île de la Trinidad*," par A. Leotaud. Port d'Espagne, 1866, page 326.)

"*Honey-Creeper*" or *Sucrier*; very common, notes cheery, though not (to my ear) particularly sweet. Rather smaller, but same colour, as the wild canary.

I.

XII.

LOS COTORROS

(i.e., "*The Parakeets*," the Spanish name for the
"*Five Islands*.")

I.

"My daughter, my daughter, what makes you so fair ?
Your mother and sisters they envy you so,
Because of your beauty ; beware, oh, beware ;
Your mother's a witch, and will work you some woe."

2.

"Weave, mother ! Weave, mother ! Weave it anew ;
Strong be the spell as our will to the deed."
She wove and she wove, but the weft all ran through,
And the mischief came back on the weavers instead.

3.

"What are those feathers on your head, mother ?
They never, they never were there before !
And the hook in your nose, oh, it grows and it grows :
And you're green, mother—green as the weed by the
shore !

4.

"Mother !"—"Caw" . . . "Sister !"—"Caw" . . .
"And you, Sister !"—"Caw, caw !" . . .
"Your fingers, alas, they are turning to claws !"
"Caw, yours are the same" . . . "Caw, caw, what a
shame
To be caught so ourselves" ; then a chorus of *Caws*.

5.

"Oh, look at the parakeets, father !
So strange a sight I never saw !"
"Caw, caw, caw !!!" "Drive them out, daughter . . .
Out to the sea . . . there let them caw !"

6.

But the weft of the spell had been woven too well ;
As a-cawing they fled, oh, it changed them anew,
Into rocks 'mid the seas ; and their feathers turned
trees . . .

They are green to this day as the day that they flew.

S.

NOTES.

“ The Five Islands ” are really *six*. The Devil must have been in a hurry when he counted them. That, anyhow, was Scribbler's theory. On what grounds ?—Read the Legend. There you will see how an unnatural mother, encouraged by her plain daughters, tried to bewitch the beauty of the family. The Prince of Darkness, being a “ gentleman,” refused his aid, and bewitched mother and ugly sisters instead.

We think the better of the Devil for this incident, and forgive his arithmetical inaccuracy. Parakeets (*Cotorros*) fly fast.

“ Caledonia ” must be the mother. All hump-backed and awry. “ Nelson,” “ Lannegan,” “ Rock,” “ Pelican,” “ Craig,” follow in order of size. The last two must have been mere flappers at the time. Less guilty on that account ? Well, it is charitable to suppose so. Anyhow, they are the two favourite resorts to-day.



LENNEGAN IN THE FIVE ISLANDS.

XIII.

THE SOUCOUYEN OF SODOR.

I.

Oh, the Soucouyen of Sodor, it was an evil Sprite ;
It slept away the blessèd day, it wrought ill all the night.
A ball of flame, along it came, flying without a wind ;
And when it burst, that thing accurst, it smote the
steersman blind.

Oh, the Soucouyen of Sodor was the terror of the coast !

2.

The " Jesus-Maria-José," she hailed from Pampatar ;
It sent her on the cruel rocks, away by Balatá.
The " San Pedro" of Carúpano, the " Santa Fe" of Saïs.
And many more it drove on shore and perished in like
wise.

Oh, the Soucouyen of Sodor, it was a gruesome ghost !

3.

There was a lown in Sodor town, this fiend inhabited.
He slept away the blessèd day, at night he lay for dead ;
Now they have taken that lifeless lown, and put fire to
his toes ;
A burning match they made him clutch ; and sore they
wrung his nose.

Oh, Soucouyen of Sodor, 'tis time to be at home !

4.

They racked him here, they racked him there, his
blood was all a-froth . . .
A ball of flame a-flying came, and flew in at his mouth.
Then sore, then sore that lown 'gan roar, for mercy sore
he cried ;
But they have taken the miscreant and drowned him in
the tide.
And the Soucouyen of Sodor since then has ceased to
roam !

S.

NOTES.

This is a "Henry."—Has the reader forgotten the dusky, one-eyed compounder of intoxicants? (*See Legend III*). The Count had vouched for him as an authority on Soucouyens. No doubt he was one. Scribbler, however, seems to me to have jumped the track, in part at least.

A pious lady, who shall be nameless, used to go to four o'clock Mass. Pallid, clad in black, she glided along the street. Two negroes, watching, concluded the worst. Next morning, they lay in wait, and, with the best intentions, beat the old lady nearly to death.

That was their conception of a soucouyen. It is, we believe, the common one—a miscreant who takes somebody else's skin and goes about in it to do mischief.

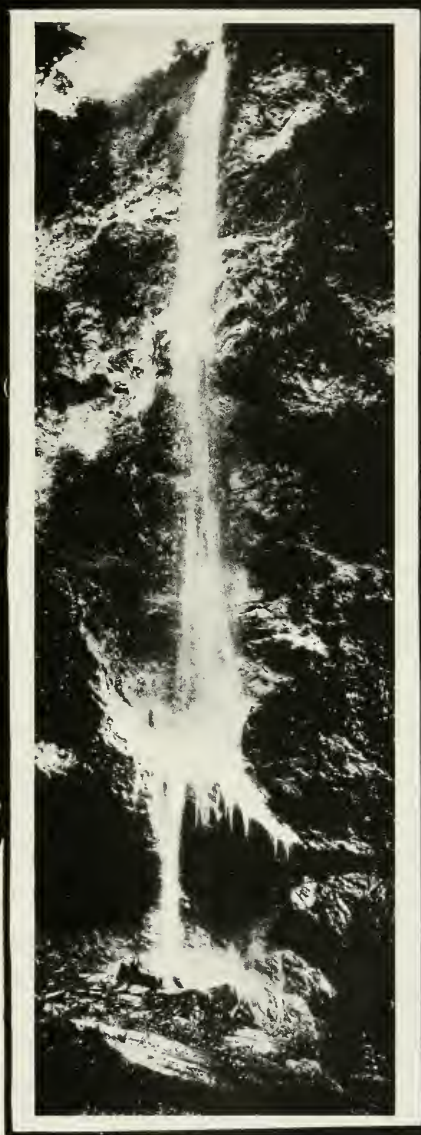
Scribbler's Soucouyen, like Scribbler himself, must be original. He is above borrowing anyone's skin. He disguises himself as a ball of fire, which strikes men blind. . . .

True, the question would seem to arise: What does the orthodox Soucouyen do with his own skin while masquerading in somebody else's? Presumably he leaves it at home. On the body it belongs to. If so much be conceded, Scribbler's conception may hold water. Inanimate, like a dead thing, the deserted body feels no pain; only when the spirit returns, and flies in at the mouth, consciousness is restored, and there is a piteous appeal for mercy.

Sodor, i.e., *Saute d'Eau*, water-fall. A place on the coast, north of Marácas Village.

Balatá. Carúpano; Spanish words ending in a vowel or s generally have the accent on the penult; but exceptions are numerous in native place-names, e.g. *Balatá, Potosí, Caroní, Boyacá, Cumaná, Pária, Carúpano*.

I.



MARACAS

XIV.

THE PRESBYTER AND THE PITCH-MEN.

The Presbyter lay on a lordly bed,
A silken canopy hung o'er his head ;
His cheeks were plump, his nose was red,
And he had an easy conscience.

A silvery sound the stillness broke ;
The clock kept striking, stroke on stroke.
At the twelfth, the Presbyter awoke . . .
He woke with an easy conscience.

" *Pax vobiscum*," thrice he said :
" What do these Ghosts about my bed ? "
The Presbyter was not afraid,
Because of his easy conscience.

The first Ghost, he began to say :
" All we were dwellers at La Brea " . . .
The Presbyter wished them far away,
In spite of his easy conscience.

" By La Brea Church we slept full sound,
For the ground, we thought, was holy ground ;
An odour of sanctity wrapped us round,
And we had an easy conscience.

But men they came with picks and staves ;
They dug the pitch, nor spared our graves,
And carried our bodies over the waves !
Can they have an easy conscience ?

In New York our remains were bought
By a Syndicate, which heeded nought.
Bones or pitch ?—Not worth a thought ! . . .
They seldom have a conscience.

They smashed us up to pieces small,
Skull and cross-bones, legs and all :
We're mixed up quite beyond recall
It's really beyond all conscience !

They wear us out in various modes,
For some are roofs, and some are roads ;
We labour under heavy loads
The waggons have no conscience.

And so we've come across the seas,
To try and get a little ease ;
'Tis high, high time, as Your Rev'rence sees,
To deal with us in conscience."

The Presbyterian's voice rang like a bell :
" There's a bigger Pitch Lake down in . . .
For sinners—ay, and slackers as well ;
And the Devil has no conscience !

Each of us has his work to do,
I as Presbyterian, you as you ;
A ghostly work, and a temporal too,
Which calls for an easy conscience.

Think, men, 'twas not for some paltry pence !
But piles of dollars—leave out the cents.
Bargain ? What !—such as a man of sense
Accepts with an easy conscience.

Our island pitch has quite a name :
We *pitched* you in, so it's all the same ;
You may think of yourselves as men of fame,
And still have an easy conscience.

Your bodies were grown so much like pitch,
The Lord alone knew which was which ;
The Church was poor, and now it's rich
And it has an easy conscience.



PITCH LAKE.

You've helped the Church, you've blessed the
poor ;
None now need beg from door to door.
I only wish we had some more . . .
I'd still have an easy conscience.

Go back to your roads, and back to your roofs.
You merit more severe reproofs ;
But by serving well the world's behoofs
You may still have an easy conscience."

So he blessed the Ghosts with a heart a-glow.
They whimpered their thanks, and turned to go.
It cheered their hearts at least to know
They'd been sold with an easy conscience.

S.

NOTES.

"An Auto-da-fé!" carolled the Count. "An Auto-da-fé!
We haven't had one this year. High time to begin. We must
not let ancient customs fall into desuetude."

"An Auto-da-fé?" faltered Scribbler, turning green and
blue.

"Certainly, an Auto-da-fé!" and the Count, despite his
bulk, jumped around like a school-boy. "Don't you know our
Spanish laws are in force? Anyone making fun of a priest is
burnt, in a *Sanbenito*, with most interesting ceremonies."

"But, but, but," faltered Scribbler, his knees knocking
together, "m—m—my man isn't a priest. He's only a
P—p—Presbyter!"

He had gone to visit the Pitch Lake. There, of all mankind
he encountered a Chinaman.

Trinidad is a land of many nationalities. English, Welsh,
Scotch, Irish, Manxmen, Channel Islanders, Canadians, Yanks,
French, Corsicans, Venezuelans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Col-
ombians, Costa Ricans, Peruvians, Chilians, Nicaraguans,

Mexicans, Barbadians, Demerarians, Tobagonians, Vincelonians, Jamaicans, and the overflow of other West Indian Islands, Italians, Danes, Dutchmen, Swiss—no, thank God, no Germans—Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, Czechs and Slavs of various hyphens, Russians, Negroes, Jews, Syrians, Caribs (a few I now learn), East Indians—a third of the whole population—Chinese.

Mostly shop-keepers, the Chinese : rum-and-provision. Which end of the building Scribbler went to, we will not surmise.

Anyhow, out of the Celestial's unintelligible gutturals and gesticulations, he conceived—erroneously, beyond doubt—that a churchyard adjoining pitch-lands had been

See the Legend !

Auto-da-fé or not, Scribbler was well *roasted*. The Count had no mercy. So graphically did he picture the flames, so liberally pile up the faggots, the Child too, finally, believed.

Did she flinch ? Was she frightened ?

No, sir !

Heaps of girls go through life looking for their chance to be heroines. The Child found hers right now.

Stake ? She would go to a dozen stakes with her beloved Scribbler.

She was the stuff to do it, too.

The Count, whose face had been like stone, softened instantly.

"Bless you, *ma chère*," he said, patting her head, "you will be a brave woman one of these days. You are one already. They are wrong to call you 'The Child.' We won't have Scribbler burnt this time—for your sake."

He never told them it was all a hoax. He cleared out. He was wise, the Count.

Would I have been wise too ! When the Magnate came home, my innocence did not save me from his wrath.

"My daughter hoaxed ! My daughter made a fool of !" The relationship to himself made it *lèse-majesté*.

His language threatened to bring down the roof. Mrs. Magnate dissolved in tears. A doctor was called in, and ordered the Child to bed. She remained there for a fortnight.

The Count wrote a letter of apology. I did the same, and went to Tobago for the round trip.

Some are roofs, etc. Roof- and road-making are the principal purposes for which Trinidad asphalt is applied.

I.

XV.

PAOUA'S BAY.

A lady walks at Paoua's Bay,
A lady passing fair ;
Her eyes are grey ; her step, they say,
Is light as the evening air.
So light, so light, 'mid the pale moonlight,
Does that fair lady pass,
You cannot hear the least footfall
On the gravel or the grass.
Oh ! the lady is passing fair !

Yet few, I ween, would care to meet
That lady passing fair :
And to bar her way and bid her stay,
Is more than the boldest dare.
Why should it be ? She is fair to see,
And never a word she says ;
Her look is as mild as a blessed child
That prays for Mary's grace.
Oh ! the lady is passing fair !

What makes the blood run chill with fright ?
What makes the heart beat fast ?
The moonbeam's play is clear as day,
Yet never a shadow is cast
By that lady fair ; and her gossamer hair
Floats upward to the skies
In an endless stream, and is gone like a dream . . .
And the lady is gone likewise !
Oh ! the lady is passing fair !

S.

NOTES.

Anse is the French-patois equivalent of *Bay*, in the sense of a bathing-station. That implies a house. But at L'Anse Paoua there is no house !

Scribbler, evidently, had picked up a story about a haunted house, but been bound over not to reveal the true name.

By the way, the Child had had a ghostly experience shortly before. A curious one, anyhow. At Gasparee. She and Mrs. Magnate were staying at Goodwille's Bay. None of the rest of our party were there. Scribbler had gone to see the Pitch Lake, the Magnate to inspect a new gusher somewhere in the Montserratt region, and so on. The Child, naturally enough, felt solitary. Or else she was out of sorts. Depressed anyway. One morning, having slept badly, she got up early and took a boat named, in rather a silly way, the "O. Henry."

We had a one-eyed butler named Henry, it will be remembered (see Legend III). While we were in town, Henry contrived to get drowned out of the "O. Henry," under circumstances which were never very clearly explained, but probably connected with a failing we all knew he had. Poor fellow, he used to be most entertaining with his stories of soucouyans, douennades, etc., and we all felt very sorry about his end.

Well, the Child must needs select this boat, which, it will be seen, had little luck about it, and set out to row across to the main island somewhere east of the Floating Dock. There are a good many houses about there. "Nora Villa" is one, the rest have escaped my memory.

One attracted her attention. "Something like St. Mary's," was her description, "but with a deserted look about it." A lady at a window beckoned to her in an excited sort of way, and thinking she needed assistance the Child landed and ran up a short path to the door. There the same lady, in a loose wrapper such as Venezuelans wear, met her, wildly agitated, and poured forth a flood of Spanish, of which the only part caught by the Child was the word "*desgracia*" repeated many times over. Concluding something disgraceful must be in question, the Child did not want to go in ; but the lady dragged her into a bedroom, where a Spanish-looking gentleman, only half dressed, lay on the floor, moaning and writhing in apparent agony.

The Child bent over him. He was evidently unconscious of her presence. She turned to the Spanish lady—lo, she was gone ! Then, the Child got frightened and passed into the next room, thinking to find someone there. The room was

empty. More and more alarmed, she ran to the landing-place, sprang into the boat, rowed across to Goodwille's in frantic haste, gave the boatmen the medicine chest and a bottle of brandy and bade them hurry to the house—describing it as best she could—to give whatever assistance was possible.

The boatmen did not seem to understand what house she meant; however they went. The Child, utterly exhausted by her efforts in pulling the boat, lay down and fell into a deep sleep. Knowing that she had not slept well for some time, her mother did not disturb her till pretty late in the afternoon. When she did so, the Child's first inquiry was with regard to the Spaniard. How was he? Was he still living?

Spaniard? The boatmen had seen no Spaniard. No house either, for that matter, answering to her description. They had asked everywhere, but there seemed to be an entire dearth of sick people of any sort in the neighbourhood.

Later, we learned there had been a case of datura poisoning on one of the islands the year before, among some Venezuelans. "*Pas de notre monde*," the Count declared; and on his advice the incident was never again spoken of.

The Spanish word *desgracia*, be it mentioned, does not really mean "*disgrace*" at all; it means an accident or misfortune. The lady must have been protesting it was a case of accidental poisoning. There are many datura trees about these bays, though, apart from that instance, I never heard of anybody being harmed by them.

I.

XVI.

DUENDES' MEAD.

I.

Nightfall on the Seashore.

When the sun has sunk to rest,
Somewhere—who knows?—in the west,
O'er yon fairy dome that marks the crest
Of the towering Spanish Main ;
And skies erewhile in crimson drest
Doff their mantle, and in plain
Hodden-grey are clad again ;
When the darkness 'gins to thicken,
(Ah, that hour of doom,
Then it is sweet babes do sicken,
By curst necromancers stricken,
To their early tomb),
And lifeless things beseem to quicken
'Mid the growing gloom ;
See, along the shelving strand,
Over shingle, over sand,
Over cruel rocks, unmeet
For little toddling feet,
One by one, or hand in hand
Tiny figures steal along
In a shadowy band.
Without father, without mother,
Without God to bless,
Close they cling to one another
In their helplessness.

A Melancholy Doom.

Microcosms
 Forbid to grow,
 In their bosoms
 Leap and glow
 Heats and passions such as men know.

As our failings,
 So are theirs :
 Idle wailings,
 Brief despairs,
 Mimic mortals' shallow cares.

Nay, our sorrow
 Cannot match
 Theirs : no morrow
 E'er shall snatch
 Light from the Daystar to brighten their watch ;

Watch never-ending,
 Instinctive, yet vain ;
 From woe beyond mending
 A solace to gain—
 The daydream called living to dream once again.

None now may sain them :
 The priest and his book
 Are powerless to gain them
 In heaven a nook ;
 What the Dove hath not blessed must belong to
 the Rook.

Formed in His fashion
 Who died on the tree,
 Even God's passion
 Cannot set free
 One of these little ones such as they be.

Such as dead ages,
In lust and in crime,
Have writ in the pages
Of pitiless time,
Such, such are these creatures formed out of
earth's slime.

Formed of earth's slime,
And set forth on life's path,
Brief was the time
Of your sinning ; yet hath
The sentence gone forth that condemned you
to wrath.

Duendes' Song.

3.

" Come away, brother ! Come and see
How the mist is yellow over the moon,
And the long, long roll coming in from the sea
Has set the Bell-buoy playing his tune.
Ding-dong ! Ding-dong ! 'Twere sweet to be
A Bell-buoy swinging out on the sea ;
Others are merry—but never we.

" Look, look, sister ! There, far away,
The waves are gathering more and more ;
Soon the reef will be hid with spray,
And the waters flow free from shore to shore.
'Twill be merry so, for the waters, to flow
Now in at the Boca, now out to sea ;
They may make merry—but never we.

Brother, sister, listen well ;
We feel no breeze, but the air is humming ;
The mist is torn, and the waters swell—
Alack, alack, the rain is coming.
By the long grey shore of the angry sea,
Homeless, comfortless go we."

Chacachacare : Its Changing Aspects.

4.

On Chacachacare, when the nights are starry,
The north wind plays a tune
O'er the gap in the middle, like the bow on a fiddle,
And it runs in an endless rune.
Ever and ever and ever the same,
Yet ever the lilt is new ;
'Tis the song of the deep, and the winds that sweep
O'er its leagues of changing blue,
Where the Witch of the Sea alone sits she,
And her magic cauldrons brew ;
And the meteors stream like the steely gleam
Of her locks blown loose on the breeze ;
And bright as day is the silvery bay
That laughs to the outer seas.
Fair, fair as by day the wavelets play,
And flash in the charmèd night ;
And over each wave, come they never so oft,
An elfan rainbow gleams aloft,
All made of the moonbeam's light.
But it is not so when the Duendes come ;
The stars are gone, the winds are dumb ;
The moon on the horizon's rim,
Through a watery haze looks dwarfed and dim.
Now, in the hush of the witching hour,
The waters are silent, the headlands lower ;
And rocks and shadows and woods conspire
In dim funereal attire,
And leaden hue
To mantle o'er the cheerful view.

Duendes' Ball.

5.

“ Brothers, sisters, heed the call,
At your liking, at your leisure :
Dance, dance in the Duendes' ball ;
Without music, without measure ;
Foot it bravely, little ones all,
Let us make belief of pleasure.

“ At your liking, at your choosing,
Come who will, stay who would stay ;
Nor complying, nor refusing
Matters, let who will obey.
Laughing's weeping, winning's losing,
In our mockery of play.

“ In our play, as in our dances,
All is empty, all is show :
Void of change, secure from chances,
Ever driven to and fro ;
Naught decreases, naught enhances
Our share assured of weal or woe.

“ Ah, our weal is grief unending,
Life-in-death, a lengthened trance ;
There alone is no pretending—
Frisk it, Duendes, frisk and prance ;
Big ones little ones befriending,
Cheerly come, and join the dance.”



LA TINTA BAY, CHACACHACARE.

Why They are Doomed.

6.

Child " Oh, mother, what may Duendes be ?
And were they little ones once like we ? "

Mother " Angels and blest Saints be near us !
Hush, hush, my child, who knows who hear
us ? "

Child " Were they born of real mothers ? "

Mother " Heaven sain the child ! Ay, of what others ? "

Child " Cradled and kissed, and wrapped and
tended,
From every thought of harm defended ?
Oh, did their mothers love them true,
And they love them, as I love you ? "

Mother (aside) " What folly is in it ?—Darling, yes ;
It must have been so, more or less.
A mother must love, who-so she be,
How vile so-e'er,
The little child that climbs her knee
And claims her care.
It is but the sign of the blessed cross
In its last hour,
To save it from eternal loss
And the Devil's power.
But the Devil, oh he walks cunningly,
With aspect mild,
Along the shore of the treacherous sea,
Or in the wild
(Where ravine lurks in cave and tree),
To snare the child.
Too late the mother, in despair,
Besieges heaven with plaint and prayer—
Too late, too late !
Her child is gone to the demons' lair
In the hands of hate."

Child " Now shame, now shame, mother so dear,
 The little child was not to blame ! "

Mother " Nay, but the mother was, my dear,
 And that is nigh the same.
 'Tis God Himself has set a shore,
 Where they are bid to dwell ;
 And he who would the gulf bridge o'er
 In danger is of hell.
 Alack and well-a-day,
 If one should cross your way !
 Say, say your prayers in haste and dread,
 And make God's blessed sign ;
 Or ere the morrow you'll be dead,
 And your soul will be in tyne."

Satan in Watch.

7.

The Angelus had toned its chime,
The cottage lights been lit a time,
And dew lay thick on the grass like rime.

The wind was still, the sea scarce heard
Far out on the shore ; not a thicket stirred
Till the silence broke in the note of a bird.

Loud it came in the hush of night,
Strident and strange—a sound that might
Affray, but was not a cry of affright.

A thrill it sent through the ceibas tall,
Where they stretched their boughs like a leafy pall,
It seemed—it seemed like a signal call.

Why should signal call be made ?
Something comes through the tangled glade,
But 'tis only the form of a tiny maid.

A thing of joy, a heavenly sprite,
That threads the gloom by some inner light.
What does she here in the lonesome night ?

San Juan's Shrine.

8.

She has been to the stream by the ruined tower,
Whose waters, flung in a crystal shower,
To banish ill have a heavenly power.

The old-time builder, void of guile,
Has been laid in his grave a goodly while,
But his angel haunts the mouldering pile.

And the folk from the neighbouring villagery
Will kneel and pray as they pass that way,
To good San Juan of Santa Fé.

The little maid her prayers has said,
In the lonely church withouten dread ;
She prayed for the living, she prayed for the dead.

For the suffering souls in Purgat'ry,
That quickly cleansèd they might be,
And from the winnowing flame set free.

And ever she pleaded, o'er and o'er,
Till her eyes grew dim, and her knees were sore,
For the little souls on Limbo's shore ;

That they might be spared the grief and pain,
Outcasts forever to remain,
And be taken in heaven's grace again.

Maiden's Prayer.

9.

" Father," she prayed, " Thy will be done,
But let my soul be pledge for *one*,
For Jesus' sake, Thy only Son.

" He was a sinless child on earth,
Perfect and pure from His holy birth,
Yet others too He deemed of worth.

" For when His followers forbade,
He called to the little ones and said,
' It was of such that heaven was made.'

" Awhile to save *one* from its doom,
In that rueful realm, that land of gloom,
Lord, let me suffer in its room.

" A little while to feel the bliss
Of a father's arms, a mother's kiss,
Ah, grant it only, only this ! "

Who Overheard.

10.

(An angel listened,
Marvelling ;
A tear glistened,
On flashing wing ;
It sprang to heaven as rainbows spring.

" A miracle
Grant, of Thy might ;
Her prayer fulfil
This very night ;
Let a child of woe be a child of light ! "

But the Devil, too,
Her prayer had heard ;
He mocked and flew
As an evil bird
That scents a prey when the night is stirred.)

On the Way Home.

II.

Now, the pathway homeward wending,
To left, to right, uncertain bending,
Her prayer still ran on without ending.

Stay, what is there in the narrow track ?
A helpless babe—look, look, alack,
Its limbs are maimed, its feet bent back !

Its look is raised to the heedless sky ;
Its face is woe, but it makes no cry ;
A tear is standing in either eye.

Its garment floats like a tattered cloud
That is swept from view when the winds are loud :
Oh ! God, it looks like an infant's shroud !

A Comparison.

12.

Child and child. Alike ? Ah, no ;
One pure, through Christ, as the driven snow ;
And one condemned, a waif of woe.

One fresh from font and hallowed cell,
With saints and angels fit to dwell ;
The other, a denizen of hell.

Oh, fate severe ! Oh, woeful place,
For demons e'en ! And see, that face
Were fitter for a child of grace.

Eternal woe ! What grief was there
In its great eyes and piteous air—
Infinite, infinite despair !

A look ne'er seen 'neath earthly skies,
Where the gleam of the glow-worm never dies—
The glow-worm *hope* that shines in men's eyes.

What a Babe Dare Do.

13.

A little child is wiser far
Than learned theologians are ;
They puzzle o'er the things to do ;
It knows the thing, and does it too.
A little child can be more brave
Than those who greatest powers have ;
And heaven oft in joy has smiled
On the foolishness of a holy child.

The little maid no tarry made,
No time took she to be afraid ;
Heedless of dangers and of harms,
She clasped the Duende in her arms.

Passing Away.

14.

“ Baby dear, I love you so !
Listen how the waters flow ;
As they still and stiller play,
So my life too ebbs away.
When 'tis ended, you and I
Swift to heaven then shall fly.

“ Baby dear, when I am dead
There's a halo round your head !
Can you feel it ?—Nay, 'tis true,
Christ Himself had given it you.
He has washed away your sin,
And holy Saint Peter will let us in.

“ Baby, the tide is nearly out,
The wash at the bar has turned about.
My soul says *yes*, my body *no* ;
Is it my sins won't let me go ?
Ah, all my sins on Christ I cast !
Now my soul will go at last.

“ Baby, baby, let me cling !
I am but a little thing.
Darling, you've been dead before,
Guide my steps the threshold o'er ;
The spirit world is strange and new,
Baby, for me, more than for you.

“ Hark the rushing sound ! They come,
Angels to bear us quickly home.
Look, look, afar in the crystal skies—
'Tis all alight with children's eyes.
By the jasper stream and the golden stair,
What happy faces wait us there.

“ Ah, surely this must be a land,
Fashioned for babes by Jesus’ hand ;
As He promised long ago,
When He blessed them down on earth below.
See, He looks smiling from above
On children’s play in this land of love.”

Her Memory.

15.

There is a spot by Tinta’s shore,
It stands for all the world to see ;
The humming-bird oft poises o’er,
And flow’rets tempt the honey bee ;
The lilac scents the tranquil air,
The cassia casts its shower of gold ;
The plenteous foison of God’s care,
Bourgeons in splendours manifold—
All that Dame Nature’s lap can hold.

All that Dame Nature’s lap can hold,
Of sweets and virtues here combine ;
O’er cedar fair and camphor old
Pours in cascade the flow’ring vine.
The murmur of the laughing wave
Runs endless on, like childhood’s song ;
The stealing deer, with aspect grave,
Comes here to gaze, and tarries long,
As if this spot could know no wrong.

As if this spot could know no wrong,
To beast, or insect, bird or flower,
No ravening tribe bring feud among
The habitants of such a bower :
So formed for joy, so fashioned fair,
The cynosure of all around,
No eye may grieve, no sorrow wear
Its antic cloak with cypress bound,
But memory whispers : “ Holy ground.”

Memory whispers : " Holy ground,"
 And points with loving care the spot
 Where once a little maid was found,
 Her chosen name : " Forget-me-not."
 Ay, ne'er forgotten shall she be,
 While grudging time on his dusty roll
 Of dull things that have ceased to be,
 Still guards the simple cross and scroll :
 " A little babe that saved a soul."

S.

NOTES.

Scribbler adopted the Spanish form of the word "*Duende*." The vocal *e* at the end evidently suited his lines ; also the French patois form looks so appalling when spelt, "*douennde*." Ghosts of unchristened children is of course the meaning. "Duendes' Mead" (so named by Scribbler and the Child on the ground of some fancied resemblance to "fairy rings" at home), an insignificant depression adjoining La Tinta, Chacachacare, in no way justifies Scribbler's description ; while the story, in my belief, is an absolute invention.

"*Fairy dome that marks the crest*." There is a dome—rather leaning to one side—in the sky-line of the Mountains of Paria, which form such a romantic background to the Bocas. (See Legend VIII).

"*Chacachacare*." Dog-island this is supposed to mean. The isthmus of La Tinta dividing it, "the gap in the middle" is a striking feature, being little above sea-level ; while the portion on which the Roman Catholic Church stands is high, and on the east the island rises suddenly to an extraordinary altitude, with a light-house on the top, 800 feet above sea-level.

"*Feet bent back*." Twisted round it should rather be. You can always tell a *duende* by this peculiarity. Avoid it when possible, but if it actually bars your way, *walk back upon it*, turning your head left and right on your shoulders. In this way its feelings will be hurt, probably through a suggested resemblance to its malformation, and it will vanish.

"*San Juan of Santa Fé*." We have been unable to identify this saint.

"*Chosen name.*" Creoles indulge in many names. A most unattractive elderly black lady once explained to me that her pet name was such and such, her motto name something else, and—really I forget the rest.

"*Cross and scroll.*" There is nothing of the sort at Duendes' Mead. This is another of Scribbler's crams.

"*Limbo,*" i.e., *limbus infantium* of the theologians. Scribbler, who was always in a hurry, set to work on the basis of local superstition. Had he troubled to consult the Catholic Encyclopædia, for example, his views might have been considerably modified. He writes from a mediæval point of view, so is entitled to claim the authority of St. Augustine and the African Fathers, who held that unbaptized infants share in the positive misery of the damned, though in the mildest way, so that their existence is worth something to them, though query, how much? But it is right to state that many centuries ago, Pope Innocent III rejected that view, and was followed by St. Thomas Aquinas, "the Angelic Doctor," who declared that the infants' limbo is a place of positive happiness, in which the soul is united to God by a knowledge of Him proportionate to nature's capacity. Savonarola held that these infants' souls will be united to glorious bodies at the Resurrection, and that the renovated earth, of which St. Peter speaks (II Pet. iii, 13), will be their happy dwelling place for eternity. Protestants, especially Calvinists, have generally followed the harsher Augustinian view, which was also maintained by Catholic theologians such as Bellarmine and Bossuet; but the prevailing view among modern Catholics is that *limb. inf.* is a place or state of perfect natural happiness. (*Cath. Enc. s.v. "Limbo."*)

"*Glow-worm hope.*" Too reminiscent of Poe. I pointed it out to Scribbler. His only answer was a pun: "Well, but if it is *à propos*?" And the Child laughed, as though he had said something clever.

I.

XVII.

CRISTÓBAL COLON.

From San Lucar de Barrameda,
With the Blest Trinity for aider,
Colon the Good put out to sea,
Invoking aye the One in Three.
And still when sickness fell upon
His men, and all their strength was gone ;
When water failed, and victual stank,
Seams oozed their pitch, and timbers shrank ;
And day and night, and night and day,
A deathly heat upon them lay ;
Still prayed he to the Three in One,
To bless and guide his vessels on.

So, once before, when under way
His caravels off Palos lay,
Bound on his first, his great emprise,
That gave a New World to men's eyes,
And burst the frost of pedant fear
Had bound the world so many a year,
(Children are men, and cowards till
Their courage leap with heaven's will) ;
A wail came from the shore, and high
Shrilled some poor mother's agony ;

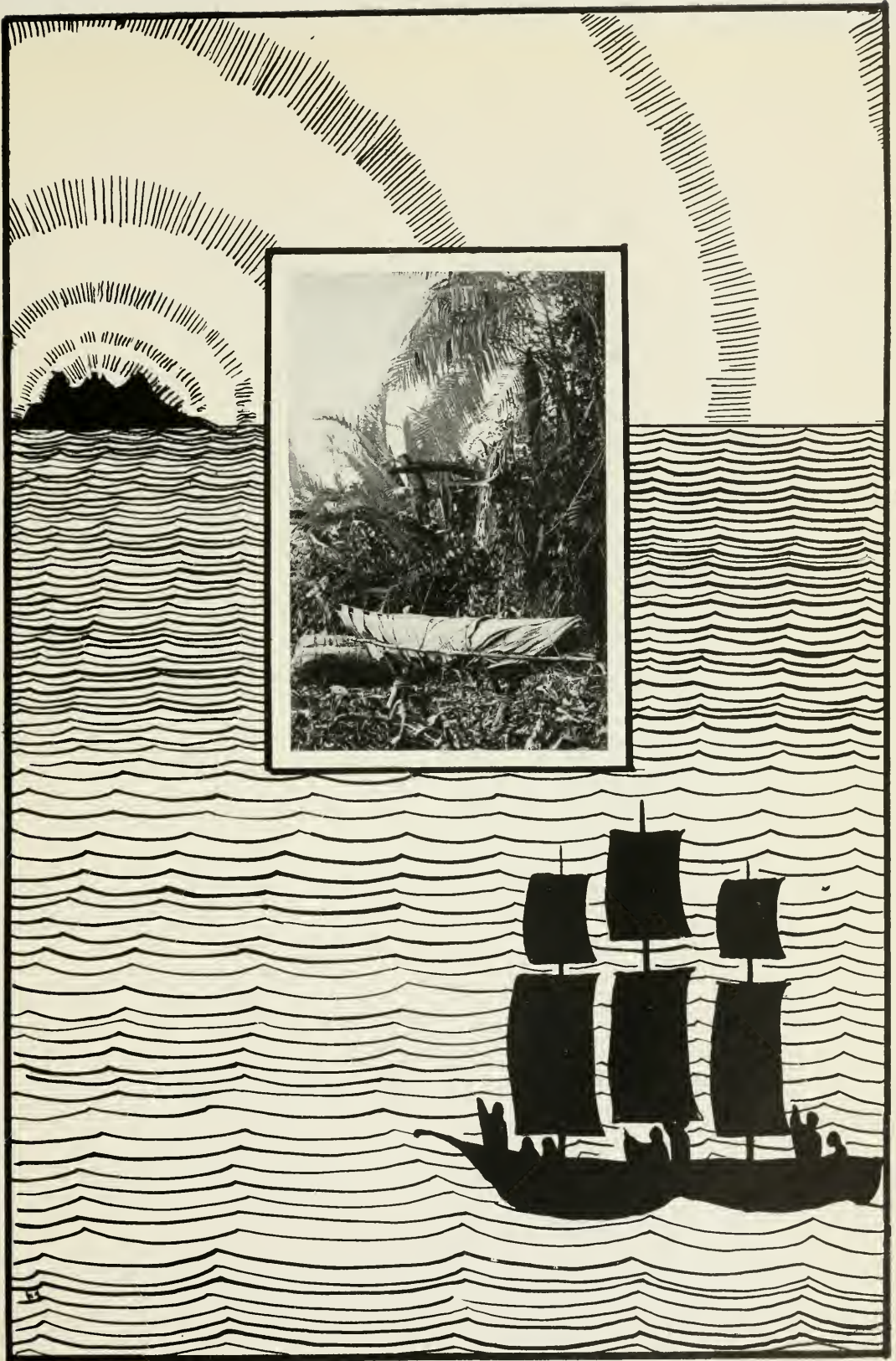
His men wept—firm he stood, alone,
And in his eyes prevision shone ;
While wind and tide, at heaven's behest,
Still bore them swiftly to the west.
And so through all the voyage out
The wind went with them, beyond doubt
Heaven-sent ; and ever in his mind
Sang hope—St. Brandan's Isle to find,
Zipanga's Court, or gorgeous Ind ;
Or where great Manchi's realm is set,
Beyond the mountains of Thibet,

And toilfully her trade sends forth,
Through all the rigours of the north ;
(There the Venetian came to scan
The grandeur of the Sovereign Khan,
And greatly daring made his way
To Cambalu and far Kinsay).

Alas, he found a nearer West,
Savage and poor ; and all his quest
Was now to go where gold might be
Hidden in some hot tropic sea,
Where nature from the torrid earth
To swarthy tribes gave scanty birth,
Who without seeking, without pains,
Enjoyed the treasure of her veins.
His years, his honours, ill agreed
With such a mission ; yet the need
To vindicate his claims of old,
And prove the West a realm of gold,
With something of a father's care,
Called on him still to do, to dare.

A breeze sprang up, his bark sped on ;
Again he thanked the Three in One.
Cool airs revived his panting crew ;
They blew, by day, by night, they blew,
Till, as the sun sank, glorious, red,
The watch's cry rang : " Land ahead ! "
Three peaks, high in the trembling air,
Afar, gleamed more than earthly fair ;
And as the shore drew nearer, lo,
They merged in one vast base below.
Awe fell on all. 'Twas plain to see :
" A miracle—the One in Three ! "

S.



A CACIQUE'S GRAVE.

NOTES.

"*Cristóbal Colon.*" Anything unusual took Scribbler's fancy. "Christopher Columbus" was too common for him, he must needs adopt the Spanish form of the name.

"*San Lucar de Barrameda.*" The Port of Jerez, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

"*Sickness,*" "*water failed, etc.*" A quite inadequate account of the sufferings and privations endured by Columbus and his men on his third voyage of discovery. (See Washington-Irving's "*Columbus: his life and voyages,*" pages 216-224.).

"*Palos.*" Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia, the port from which Columbus sailed on his memorable first voyage.

"*Brandan,*" or "*Borondon,*" a Scottish (or Irish) saint, said to have discovered an island in the Atlantic sometime in the sixth century. It was shown on many old maps. (See W. Irving, page 12).

"*Zipanga.*" (See below, note on "*Manchi.*") It appears in a map of Martin Behem, made at Nuremberg in the year 1492. (See W. Irving, page 15).

"*Manchi,*" or "*Mangi,*" probably Manchuria. It lies well to the north in Behem's map. "Toscanelli encouraged Columbus in an intention which he had communicated to him, of seeking India by a western course, assuring him that the distance could not be more than four thousand miles in a direct line from Lisbon to the Province of Mangi, near Cathay, since ascertained to be the northern coast of China. Of this country a magnificent description was given, according to Marco Polo, who extols the power and grandeur of its sovereign, the Great Khan, the splendour and magnitude of his capitals of Cambalu and Quinsai, or Kinsay, and the wonders of the island of Cipango, or Zipangi, supposed to be Japan." (W. Irving, page 14).

"*Venetian,*" i.e., Marco Polo. He lived a long time at Cambaluc (Khan-Caligh, the Great Khan's City), i.e., Pekin.

"*Savage and poor.*" (See W. Irving, pages 213-214). "The new found world, instead of a region of wealth and enjoyment, was now considered a land of poverty and disaster."

"*Gold . . . in some hot tropic sea.*" (See W. Irving, page 216). "From various considerations, he was induced to take a different route from that pursued in his former expeditions."

He had been assured, by persons who had traded to the East, that the rarer objects of commerce, such as gold, precious stones, drugs and spices, were chiefly to be found in the regions about the equator, where the inhabitants were black or darkly coloured; and that, until he arrived among people of such complexions, it was not probable he would find those articles in great abundance." The inhabitants of Trinidad he found to be "fairer than even those in the lands he had discovered further north, with long hair, well-proportioned and graceful forms, lively minds and courageous spirits." The climate also surprised and delighted him. (W. Irving, page 220).

"*Three peaks.*" Commonly supposed to be three of the Moruga hills—hardly anyone pretends to know which. The late Deputy-Inspector-General of Constabulary, Brierly, author of "*Trinidad Then and Now*," had another theory. Columbus approached the island from the north-east, in the neighbourhood of Punta de Galera; the three highest peaks in the island, Tucuche, Cerro Naranjo and Aripo, might therefore appear to him in a group, visible in clear weather a long way off at sea. The common base would be the great northern range to which these mountains belong.

"*Miracle.*" (See W. Irving, page 219). The island was discovered on the 31st of July, 1498.

XVIII.

RALEIGH'S COMINGS.

1595.

When Raleigh came at forty-three,
He played the very devil ;
When Raleigh came at forty-three,
He plundered like a raparee ;
The Spanish dons entreated he
In manner most uncivil ;
When Raleigh came at forty-three,
He played the very devil.

He anchored in the Caroní,
And pounced on Puerto Grande ;
He anchored in the Caroní,
The Spaniards all in fright did flee ;
The Indians, they came stealthily,
With rum and sugar candy ;
He anchored in the Caroní,
And pounced on Puerto Grande.

The natives told a woeful tale,
About their Spanish masters ;
The natives told a woeful tale,
Their virtues were of no avail ;
Half were in hiding, half in jail,
Some had met worse disasters ;
The natives told a woeful tale,
About their Spanish masters.

Berreó governed like a Turk,
He flogged sans intermission ;
Berreó governed like a Turk,
When Caribs disinclined to work,
No grain of pity seemed to lurk
Within his composition ;
Berreó governed like a Turk,
He flogged sans intermission.

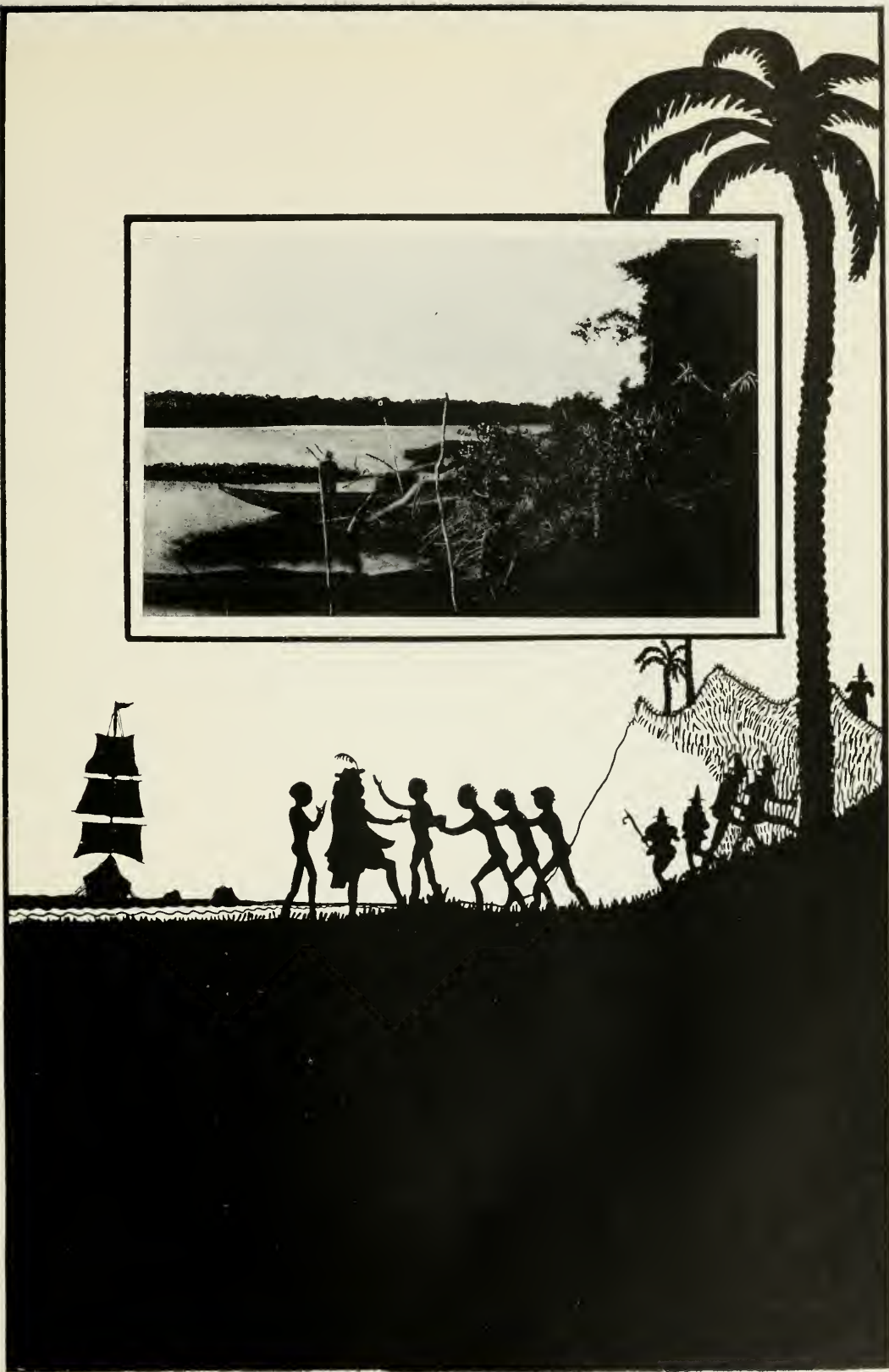
Their good Caciques in irons lay,
And grievously tormented ;
Their good Caciques in irons lay,
And Carib farms were as a prey
To the rude Spanish soldiery,
Whose rapine ne'er relented ;
Their good Caciques in irons lay,
And grievously tormented.

Sir Walter heard them heedfully,
And urged them to resistance ;
Sir Walter heard them heedfully ;
His Virgin Monarch o'er the sea,
Who champion was of liberty,
He promised her assistance ;
Sir Walter heard them heedfully,
And urged them to resistance.

The Spanish capital sacked he,
Slew many a bold soldado ;
The Spanish capital sacked he,
He burnt it most despiteously,
And took Don Berreo o'er the sea,
To search for El Dorado ;
The Spanish capital sacked he,
Slew many a bold soldado.

1617.

At sixty-five—behold him come,
A very *caput mortuum* !
His matchless Good Queen Bess is dead,
And pawky Jamie rules instead ;
An age of gold has passed away,
And all the world is leaden-grey.
Traitor convict, corrupt in blood,
His fame become derision's food ;
Youth's dreams, manhood's glories flown,
All, all except his courage gone.



THE ROAD TO EL DORADO

This quest for gold—a vain pretence,
 Must aggravate his old offence !
 To search where he had sought before,
 And lands already viewed explore,
 Pursue the phantom chased of old,
 The Gilded Man, his land of gold,
 And all its wonders, hawked about
 By beggared seaman, liar, tout,
 As verities of holy writ,
 To lure on fools to search for it ;
 Such was his mission, he the gem
 Of Gloriana's diadem ;
 The leader of her revels, till
 Another pleased her better still ;
 The poet-knight of derring-do,
 Could deeds achieve, and sing them too ;
 Fallen, indeed, must be his case,
 To come here on this wild-goose-chase,
 And sow the wind with toil and pain
 To reap a deadly hurricane !

S.

NOTES.

"*Raparee*," i.e., an Irish robber ; a class of gentry with whom Raleigh must have become intimately acquainted, as Captain of a Company of Foot in Munster in 1580. He advocated a ruthless policy, extending even to assassination, in dealing with the Irish ; and was a hard man all his days, despite his courtly and caressing manners. In Trinidad, when the Spaniards came on board to buy linen, he "entertained them kindly," till he learned all they knew about Guiana ; then, in the evening, surprised the garrison and put them to the sword. There had been provocation—eight of his men taken in a Spanish ambush ; also Don Berreo, the governor, like Raleigh himself, intended an expedition in search of El Dorado.—"To leave a garrison in my back," wrote Sir Walter, "interested in the same enterprise, I should have savoured very much of the asse." So he preferred to "act like a tiger." Even Kingsley cannot defend him. ("At Last," page 58).

"Candy." This seemed to me an anachronism, but Scribbler quoted Shakespeare: "Rivers candied o'er with frost," or some such matter.

"Caciques." See Kingsley *loc. cit.* as to their treatment by the Spaniards.

"Caput mortuum." Stolen from me by Scribbler. A man under sentence of death, as Raleigh was, is (or was) deemed to be *civiliter mortuus*; and by another engaging fiction of the law his *blood* was deemed *corrupt*, so that his kin could not inherit, but his estate passed to the Crown.

"Pawky," i.e., cunning. James, being in need of money, let Raleigh out of the Tower to go and look for it, on the condition (which Raleigh accepted) that he should interfere with no Spanish possession. This was obviously impossible, and Raleigh must have known it. He relied, it is said, "on vague intrigues he had entered into in Savoy and France," which, however, came to nothing. Being sick with fever when he reached Trinidad, he remained there, sending his five small vessels up the Orinoco in charge of Captain Lawrence Keymis. His son, Walter, was killed in a bush fight with the Spaniards. Keymis, being bitterly reproached by Raleigh, committed suicide; and after "recriminations, hesitations and mutiny," Raleigh went home to meet his fate. (Enc. Brit. XXII, 869-71).

"O'er the sea," i.e., across the Gulf of Paria, and up the Orinoco, into the interior of Guiana, where tradition placed the golden kingdom of Manoa, under the kingship of a Gilded Man, "El Dorado."

I.

XIX.

LAMENT FOR APODOCCA.

Oh, Abercomby sailed the sea,
With Harvey at his side,
Until they came to Trinity,
Upon the weltering tide,
They sailed in at the Dragon's Mouth,
By Madam Teteron's Rock-a,
And there in Chaguaramas Bay,
They came on Apodocca.

Oh, Apodocca sleeps so sound,
Who'll waken Apodocca ?

" Up, up, my lads ! 'Tis broad daylight,
This is no time for slumber ;
Here be our dreaded foes in sight,
And more than thrice our number.
'Tis vain to fly, to fight is vain ;
Was ever such a sore fix ?
Their ships are all about us here,
And twenty-four to our six."

Oh, Apodocca slept so sound,
Who's wakened Apodocca ?

What means yon flush across the hills ?
What means yon murky veil ?
'Tis not the red of immortelles,
'Tis not the rain clouds' trail.
The landscape fair is darkened o'er,
The hills are in eclipse ;
" To save them from our hands, my lads,
The Spaniard's burnt his ships !"

Oh, Apodocca's wide awake,
You won't catch Apodocca !

What's brighter than the levin-brand ?
 What's louder than the thunder ?
 'Tis Spain's proud flagship blowing up,
 Her timbers rent asunder.
 She sinks, her Admiral sinks with her,
 He's flung his life away
 Now he sleeps sound (as he was wont),
 In Chaguaramas Bay !

Oh, Apodocca sleeps so sound,
 Who'll waken Apodocca ?

S.

NOTES.

Were falsification ever admissible in art—a supposition which personally we deny—it would doubtless be for the purpose of heightening actual events. That is what Scribbler tries to do here.

French privateers had been making the West Indies unpleasant for English merchantmen. England, therefore, sent out a considerable fleet, to which the Spanish fleet and land forces could make no effective resistance. Under the circumstances, Admiral Apodocca burnt his ships, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands, and Governor Chacon surrendered the island. Tried by Council of War in Spain, both were honourably acquitted.

Something dignified, something majestic, we conceive, could have been made out of these facts. The unruffled Chacon, the impetuous Apodocca—burning with fury, then burning his ships ; how fine a contrast for artistic delineation !

What does Scribbler do ? He makes Admiral Apodocca blow himself up in his flag-ship. Why ? To heighten the effect, to give him a fictitious instead of a real heroism.—But hullo ! What is here ?

“ Apodocca sleeps so sound, who'll waken Apodocca ? ”

A sluggard and a hero at the same time ! What kind of combination is that ?

When I spoke to Scribbler about it, he explained to me that Spaniards were brave by universal consensus ; but that by universal consensus, also, they were indolent. *Mañana, mañana*. That was their motto. . . .

I feel inclined to write "A Lament for Mr. Scribbler." I should be much more comfortable, were he here to enjoy personally any attentions which may be going.—The Spanish element in the island is still a thing to be reckoned with.

"*Abercromby, Harvey*." Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., and Rear-Admiral Harvey commanded respectively the land and naval forces employed.—The Capitulation was signed 18th February, 1797.

"*Immortelle*." A tall tree planted to shade cocoa. In December it sheds its leaves, and from then on to February is ablaze with vivid red flowers. Wax-like and delicate. Gorgeous ! There is no other expression to describe the effect. Cocoa-growing districts, such as Montserrat, are luminous for miles around.

I.

XX.

NELSON AND VILLENEUVE.

I.

“ Villeneuve, Villeneuve, why won't you stay ? You've
crossed the ocean o'er,
Your cruise has been long, yet you hurry away, when
you're welcome here on shore.
Our Creole belles are worth a glance. Nay, they bear
the palm away
O'er the daughters of France, in the song, in the dance
—you must not say them nay.
Oh, the hours are fleet, the air is sweet, and music
charms the ear ;
Here's love and wine, and dainties fine—you shall not
lack for cheer ;
Kallaloo and *cascaradoo* and *lapp* and *moracoy*
Oh, life will seem an endless dream ! Then haste to
share our joy.”

Villeneuve muttered : “ Od-rat, if I can !
It's that little one-eyed, one-armed man ! ”

2.

“ He followed me to Finistère, he followed me to Spain ;
Round many a reef off Teneriffe, and back to France
again.
Then westward here to Trinidad, three thousand miles
or more ;
He haunts me on the open sea, he haunts me by the
shore.
I have no heart for lover's part, my festal days are
past ;
To be safe back in France, alack, I'd keep an endless
fast.
By day, by night, I strain my sight across the ocean wide ;
'Tis an endless chase . . . I can find no place to slip
away and hide.”

And Villeneuve muttered : “ Od-rat, if I can,
It's that little one-eyed, one-armed man ! ”

So he sailed away : 'twas many a day 'ere the news to
 Nelson came ;
 Then he chased him o'er the watery floor as the hunter
 hunts his game.
 The Trade-Winds blew, the waters grew, endless the
 ocean spread ;
 The lust of battle filled their hearts as they steered
 ahead, ahead.
 The tempests roared, the waters poured ; Fear rode
 upon the blast ;
 They clapped on sail in the teeth of the gale and dared
 the desperate cast.
 When the cliffs of Spain rose up through the rain, then
 the fight raged fearfully ;
 Till " England's Pride," heroic, died, 'mid the shout of
 Victory.
 And Villeneuve muttered : " Save who can !
 It's that little one-eyed, one-armed man ! "

NOTES.

Kallaloo. A Creole soup. A vegetable called ochro is the main ingredient ; another is sea crabs ; small ; you crunch them up with your teeth, suck the bones—and get into a deplorable mess.

Lapp. A small wild pig ; something like a peccary.

Moracoy. A land turtle. The liver is especially good.

Cascaradoo. A mud fish, caught in the Caroni River. This is the most famous of all Trinidad delicacies. A local tradition is to the effect that whoever tastes it is bound to leave his bones in the island.

" *England's Pride*." A vile phrase, wherever Scribbler found it. (It savours of the prize-ring). The whole thing, however, is such a babyish jingle, defects hardly count. And, for Scribbler, the narrative is tolerably true to history.

XXI.

PICTON'S DREAM

On the Morning of Waterloo.

A gulf of years he looked across :
He saw the ladders set,
And hell came out of Badajoz
Over the parapet.
They never stayed to count their loss ;
Again they scaled the height ;
And hell was back in Badajoz
Before the dead of night.

Resistless as a mounting flood,
By tide and tempest stirred,
Where the usurper's standards stood
Came " Picton's Fighting Third."
Vittoria's vain array it burst,
It charged their cavalry,
And laid the glory in the dust
Of France's soldiery.

The wary Soult, he foiled anew,
Athwart the Pyrenees,
And Roncesvalles' echoes woke
From centuries of peace ;
Orthez wept, fallen from its pride,
To view the tricolor ;
Toulouse her facile arms flung wide
To hail the conqueror.

The wound he bore concealed stung sore,
His stern face writhed in pain ;
Again in fevered dreams he lay,
Fen-struck in Walcheren ;
The shrouding mist lay cold, lay close,
The tide slid slow and sad,
When . . . o'er the flats of Holland rose
The hills of Trinidad.

At anchor lay the English fleet,
And Chacon bowed to fate ;
But sullen faces thronged the street,
Red, sans-culotte, pirate.
The fleet sailed on ; alone he stood,
He looked o'er flood and fell ;
And in his deep mind vowed to God
To do his duty well.

A clamour rose ; not foreign foes,
But countrymen more dread,
Decried his fame, befouled his name,
And tore him shred from shred.
With lawyer's skill, with tongue, with quill,
With trick, with lie, they toiled ;
High, stern, serene he met them still,
And all their malice foiled.

It poisoned all the joy of youth,
It robbed him of his mirth ;
The impulses of love and ruth
Seemed frozen at their birth ;
Yet ne'er to friend, or prostrate foe,
His manly heart proved cold ;
The widow begged a mite, and lo,
Her hand was filled with gold.

And one thing came his heart to cheer,
When all life else was sad ;
Their gratitude he held most dear,
The folks of Trinidad.
He took, he thanked them for their meed,
His eye shone as through rain ;
At the first tale of Creole need,
He sent it back again.

He heard the Speaker, where he stood,
Among our statesmen's ranks,
In Britain's name his deeds acclaim,
And give him solemn thanks ;
The frozen fountain of his heart
Burst in responsive glow ;
It tore the veils of hate apart,
He breathed as long ago.

All these spake to his brain, his eye
Then came the hush of fate ;
And Picton knew his end was nigh
With soul assured, sedate.
No sound of words, no written scroll,
The message clear conveyed ;
It sank into his very soul,
By death's near presence made.

*This scene shall end thy earthly woes,
This day bring on thy night :
Thy life shall find its fitting close,
Amid the thrill of fight.
The touch of death is on thee now,
It throbs there in thy breast ;
But when the touch is on thy brow,
That moment brings thy rest.*

.

A bullet struck him on the head,
He fell back on his horse ;
But well the veterans he led
Avenged their leader's corse.
Eve came, and Waterloo was won :
Long may the world acclaim
The leader's genius ; yet let none
Slur over Picton's name.

NOTES.

This, it appears to us, is the best thing Scribbler wrote. It is certainly the most conscientious in the use of historical and biographical materials. Let the reader peruse H. B. Robinson's "Memories of Lieut.-General Sir T. Picton," London, 1835, and he will appreciate our statement.

"*Badajoz.*" It was Picton's division that decided the siege, by escalading the castle. Attempts to storm the breaches had failed, and only became successful when Picton's feat destroyed the confidence of the garrison. The capture of the castle "had cost the army the heart's-blood of the third division; and the army saw, like a speck in the horizon, the scattered remnant of Picton's invincible soldiers, as they stood in a lone group upon the ramparts of a spot that, by its isolated situation, towering height, and vast strength, seemed not to appertain to the rest of the fortifications, and which the enemy, with their entire disposable force, were unable to retake from the few brave men that now stood triumphant upon its lofty battlements. Nevertheless, triumphant and stern as was their attitude, it was not without its alloy, for more than five-sixths of their officers and comrades either lay dead at their feet, or badly wounded in the ditch below them. All their generals, Picton amongst the number, and almost all their colonels, were either killed or wounded; and as they stood to receive the praises of their commander, and the cheers of their equally brave but unfortunate companions in arms, their diminished front and haggard appearance told with terrible truth the nature of the conflict in which they had been engaged." (Rob. ii, 116-7). "Lord Wellington . . . told Sir Thomas Picton that the third division had saved his honour and gained him Badajoz." (Rob. ii, 119).

"*Hell was back.*" Rob. ii, 120-1, quoting Napier's history.

"*Vittoria.*" Here again Picton's division, "the Fighting Third," led the attack, and "excited at once the surprise and admiration of the whole army." The "usurper" referred to is Joseph Bonaparte, made King of Spain by his brother the Emperor.

"*It charged their cavalry.*" This novelty in modern warfare was accomplished by a regiment (the 5th) belonging to Picton's division; but he was not personally present, nor did the exploit occur at Vittoria. (Rob. i, 263; ii, 35).

"*Pyrenees.*" Picton made all arrangements for this battle, and Wellington on his arrival expressed entire approval.

"*Roncesvalles.*" Picton took this route to turn the enemy's left flank. (Robinson, ii, 225). Celebrated in poetry as the place where Roland fell in the rout of Charlemagne's rear-guard.

"*Orthez, Toulouse.*" (Rob. ii, 278, 261, 305).

"*Wound he bore concealed.*" Foreseeing a great battle and determined to take part, Picton concealed wounds he had received at Quatre-Bras. They were of such a nature as, being aggravated by neglect, must almost certainly have terminated fatally, in case his life had not been otherwise cut short.

"*Walcheren.*" Picton took part in this lamentable expedition (1809), and had his health permanently injured by the fever which carried off so many of the troops.

"*Red, Sans-culotte.*" French colonists of family, however, were among Picton's most loyal supporters: e.g., the Baron de Montalembert, the Chevalier de la Sauvagère, the Chevalier de Gannes, the Chevalier de Lopinot, who, with many others, gave evidence on his behalf at the second trial. (Rob. i, 217-9).

"*To do his duty well.*" Chacon's weak government had allowed disorders to grow to an almost incredible pitch, and Picton worked marvels, considering the scanty means at his disposal, in repressing them. What blackened his name for life, and can never be entirely forgiven by a great body of his countrymen, was his authorizing torture (of a mild kind) in a criminal case. The victim, a mulatto servant girl, about whom "the less said the better," was subsequently dressed up as a young lady and driven about the streets of London in a carriage in order to inflame public opinion against Picton, who was then awaiting trial. Under English criminal law as it then stood, Luisa Calderon and her accomplice, Carlos Gonzales, would have both been hanged for larceny. (Rob. i, 225). "I leave impartial minds," pleaded Picton, "to determine whether in this instance Spanish law was not more satisfactory and merciful to all parties." The agitation against him was mainly engineered by a Colonel Fullarton of the Indian Army; (Rob. *passim*); on that individual's death in 1808, the *active* persecution soon came to an end; but the prejudice created was never wholly removed. Otherwise, it seems certain, Picton, being a man of good family and with large landed interests, would have received a peerage for his military services. (Rob. ii, 322).

"*With lie,*" for example, as to the girl's age (Rob. i, 169, *seq.*); as to whether Spanish law was in force in the island at the time of its conquest (Rob. i, 175-6); as to the results of the torture (Rob. i, 156-171).

"*Joy of youth.*" Picton (1758-1815) was 39 when he was appointed Governor of Trinidad. As to the effects of persecution on his disposition, see Rob. ii, 378.

"*Prostrate foe.*" At Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo he risked his life many times to save inhabitants from our own soldiers, who had been rendered furious by terrible losses.

"*Widow.*" (Rob. ii, 375-6).

"*Their gratitude.*" (Rob. ii, 428-9).

"*Speaker.*" Picton was *twice* thanked by the Speaker (Rob. ii, 229, 328).

"*Knew his end was nigh.*" He had a presentiment to that effect before he left England. He reposed for a few hours on the night of 17th June, 1815, the eve of the battle, in a small cottage in the village of Waterloo. Scribbler makes his "dream" appear to him during morning hours. At Quatre Bras his charge was of the utmost importance, communication with Blücher and his army depending on the post being held against the tremendous odds brought to bear upon it under no less redoubtable a leader than Ney. At Waterloo, to use Wellington's own words, he fell while "gloriously leading his division to a charge of bayonets, in which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy was defeated." (Rob. ii, 351, 389).

I.

XXII.

THE MAN OF ELD : TALE THE SECOND.

(a) *Start, followed by Sickness.*

We sailed at morn from the Purple Horn in the glow of
the glad sunrise,
A crew of three-score mariners, and a skipper old and
wise
Had conned the gates of the narrow straits, and the
reefs of each inland sea ;
For the earth was two to the ocean's one, in the days
that used to be.
But when we came to the Cape of Flaws, a plague broke
out below ;
And two-score men went overboard, and skipper the
first to go.
“ Beware of the winding creeks,” quoth he ; “ beware
of the scouring tide ;
But the Galapagian Sea,” quoth he, “ is the worst ”—
and then he died.

(b) *The Galapagian Sea.*

All, all were sick ; and wan and weak, we set the sails ;
ere day
A sea breeze sprang up out of the East, and blew the
plague away.
We crowded on by Quito Town, and up the Middle
Third,
Till fair Ière hove in view, the land of the Humming
Bird.
Beyond it lay an inland sea, and ever the mountains
grew ;
Till we came at length to a narrow cleft that broke them
through and through.
Oh, there we turned due south, and rowed against both
wind and tide,
For the bo'sun swore he'd been there before—right
manfully he lied !

Sore were we spent, yet on we went, in much mistrust
and dread,
Till again we came on an inland sea, with islets all be-
spread.
"Courage, my lads," the bo'sun cries, "here is the
place to rest ;
May my bones rot, if these be not the Islands of the
Blest."
Small blessing came our way, alack ! We made for the
nearest isle ;
But the way was long, and the current strong, and the
sun went down the while.
'Twas mirk, mirk night, no stars gave light, and we were
crampt and sore ;
We cast our anchors to the tide, and stiffly sprang on
shore.

(c) *The Mysterious Island.*

We lit a fire, we dug a well—we dug it over deep !
The isle eftsoon began to stir ; it stirred, it made a
leap.
Ay, it dipped its stern, and gave a turn . . . We ran
our boat to save :
Too late, it floated clear away on the crest of a cream-
ing wave.
For the water now began to churn, though the cause
we could not view ;
'Twas all a-froth like a barber's bowl, for perchance a
mile or two.
The other islets sank from sight ; ours gave a lengthy
dive,
And of men a score were there before, but one remained
alive.
The rest let go in fright, for lo, a turtle it proved to be ;
But I got a grip of its blubber lip, and that is what
saved me.
No, am I right ? Perchance it might . . . it might have
been its ears ;
'Tis a long, long time ago, my child, more than a million
years ;

Then off he flew, like an arrow true shot from a rein-
deer bow
And I held tight, by day, by night, to my old Galápagos.
We fled, we sped, both sore in dread, perchance a week
or more,
Till at length we came to the Isle of Flame, and there
I swam ashore.

(d) *The Isle of Flame.*

Oh, that was an isle, a wondrous isle ! Old ruined
palaces
Lay all along the water's marge, a sculptured wilderness.
Vast megalithic monuments, by the slow tide scarce hid ;
And here a shattered portico, and there a pyramid.
Abrupt and dread, high overhead, a huge volcano hove
Its blackened summit like a wedge into the blue above.
By day vast rumblings underground shook all the island
through ;
By night a light from the crater's height burnt upward,
red and blue.
Its lower slopes were gay with flowers, festooned by
flower and vine ;
'Twas a land of pleasure and of mirth, of perfume and
of wine.
And oh, volcanic were their hearts, the folk of that
fairy land ;
Their love was like the lava stream, their wrath as the
levin brand.
No toil, no care found harbour there. Old granaries
supplied
Each whim's demands from spoils of lands now sunk
beneath the tide ;
In broil and banquet, fray and feast, their moments
wont to pass ;
Each day beheld new *fêtes* begun, each night an orgy
was.

Frail, hectic things, a haunting fear pursued them all
the while ;
In vain they sought, by song and jest, its fever to
beguile ;
For still an earthquake came and shook the whole
heart of the isle.
Then would their flushed cheeks blanch, their eyes
grow wild in agony ;
The earthquake ceased—oh, oh, the feast, the mirth,
the jollity !
Strange, that volcano was their god ; they loved it
while they feared.
Through it alone, they swore, their isle had not yet
disappeared,
Though states and provinces around had sunk beneath
the sea,
“ But our God holds the island up, the Lifter-up is
He ! ”
And round the crater they would dance, choked by the
sulphurous fumes,
And in its yawning cavern cast their garlands and their
plumes,
Their veils, their vestments and their jewels, the richest
that they owned ;
And still the thunders growled beneath—the quaking
island groaned.

(e) *My Reception.*

For me, oh, when they saw me there, they whimpered
and they cried.
They ran and came, and looked again and spat at me—
then sighed.
Ay, sighed ! For once rich galleons called, a hundred in
a day ;
But now, a score of years or more, not one had passed
that way.
A luckless thing was I, to bring dire famine and pale
blight ;
For I was fair of face, and they as swarthy as the night.

They were for drowning me ; but no, they would not
 trust the sea.
 Some were for steel, and some for cord ; but this is
 what saved me :
 The Hoodoo's daughter pitied me, and loved me that
 same hour ;
 Her eyes like living meteors were, her beauty as a
 flower.
 She spoke, they listened.—Of their tongue I knew not
 yet a word ;
 But oh, her voice rang passionate, and sweeter than a
 bird.
 She seemed to bend them to her will ; they led me to a
 hall
 Where was her father, robed in state, and nobles great
 and small.
 Long, long and loud waxed the debate, but she spoke
 best of all.
 Then one old priest, he made a jest, and they all laughed
 and ran
 And brought a kingly robe, a crown, a sceptre and a fan ;
 They set me on a royal seat, and shouted “ Teülpan ! ”

(f) *Priests.*

The breed of priests I bar !
 Their habits I despise ;
 All save the priests of Christ,
 For they are good and wise.
 Oh, wise and good are they,
 And their ways are sanctified ;
 But the pagan priest is a ravenous beast,
 Can never be satisfied.
 There they had food galore,
 More than their chops could chew ;
 And liquors sweet to stock a fleet
 For an age, or float her too.
 But no, they must be doing,
 They must be guiding the folk ;
 Professing aid, though themselves afraid . . .
 Till it turned to a sorry joke.

(g) *Fire-Priests' Prayer.*

" Rise up, rise up ! We fill the cup,
The wine-cup of the God,
Who curbs the sea and bids it be
Submissive to His rod.
Mount high, mount high into the sky,
And spread Thyself abroad !

" Roar on, roar on, thou mighty one !
Our hope is in thy roar.
Heave high the earth ! Give second birth
To lands that were of yore !
The days of our lost empery,
Restore, restore, restore !

" Our other Gods are dead and gone,
Their glory sunk in gloom :
Their temples rare deep buried are,
Within a watery tomb.
Thou, thou alone, Almighty One,
Can'st save us from our doom ! "

(h) *My Reign.*

'Tis a goodly thing to be a king ; a king in sooth was I ;
With a manly heart to play the part, and bear it royally.
But ever my Queen she mourned between the raptures
that we shared.
Ay, even in sleep she would moan and weep. But ah,
she never dared
Tell me the cause, and the cruel laws, of this kingly
travesty ;
Till they came to light on a festal night, as I revelled
royally.

It so befell, the Tower of El slipped down into the sea ;
Then one and all, and great and small, they looked
askance at me.

Oh, I was in my banquet hall, carousing in my pride,
When my Queen, Gudair, fell senseless there, and half
the guests beside !

A numbing silence stilled my ears, my eyes their sight
denied ;

I fell e'en as an oak-tree falls, its branches crashing
wide ;

Another drain, one draught again, and surely I had
died.

(i) *The King is Bound.*

When next I woke, I wore a mask, and all my limbs
were bound ;

So sore the pain of my bonds, again I fell into a swoond.

They bore me on a moving tower, beneath a canopy,
And all the priests were marshalled there, all the
nobility ;

Up, up the mountain still they toiled, and sang tri-
umphantly !

(j) *Sacrificial Song.*

“ A king to a King ! Fit offering !
We have chosen our best, our best we bring.
He shall not die, he shall not die ;
He shall pass through the flame to eternity !

His soul shall be part of the Fire-God's soul ;
And the fire shall flash, the lava roll.
Brave king ! Brave king !
He has given *himself* as an offering.”

(k) *How Their God was Crowned.*

They built a temple at the top, they fashioned it right
well.

It covered all the crater o'er, and capped it as a bell.

'Twas made of cedar wood so fair, with props of roble
strong;

With cloth of gold and gauds untold, they hung it
right along.

Then, then, with pride, "Aha!" they cried: "our
King has got a crown!"

And from the centre of the dome they meant to throw
me down;

There where the flame for ever burnt with still increas-
ing glare,

Through all the shadowy vault above, up to the upper
air.

Three months they spent upon the task, three days in
solemn fast;

Then came the hour, the mid-night hour which was to
be my last.

A dirge was sung, a bell was rung; a wail went up on
high;

It melted even *my* heart to hear that people's agony.

"Oh, God," they cried, "no more deride Thy people
in despair!

Our shores are slipping! Speak, oh speak, in answer
to our prayer!"

(l) *The Upheaval of the Andes.*

It spoke ! A blast of vapour came. It blew that temple
up,
With me, poor wight, half-dead with fright, there
seated on the top ;
As a toy balloon flies off to the moon, 'ere the child
can e'en cry " Stop ! "
Off, off it went with a roaring sound, by the fiery blast
pursued ;
Then I looked below, and beheld the sea, as it were all
bespewed
With islands. " These must be," thinks I, " more old
Galápagos ! "
But the islands grew, and ever they grew till a mountain
range arose,
And linked them in a chain ; and lo, a further range
again !
'Twas the Andes Mountains, child, no less, and the
crests of the Spanish Main.
Will such a marvel e'er again be seen till that awful
day,
When the stars shall fall, and the firmament all as a
scroll be rolled away ?

(m) *Flight of the Cedar Dome.*

But what happened to me, my dears ?
'Twas almost like a dream.
My Cedar Dome spun light as foam
On the crest of the murky stream ;
Shot out at that volcano's mouth,
A hundred miles in height.
When it spread out east and north and south,
Oh, my Dome was built so light,
The west wind blew it away,
And it sailed for many a day
Over the mountains so bare,
Where the icicles grew, and the sea-ferns too,
And the catalejas rare.



A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

And far off gleamed the Isle of Flame,
Like a diamond in the sky ;
It had risen at last as the people asked,
So high, so wondrous high ;
And a dome of lava and scoriae,
Up, up above it hung and lay,
Like a funeral canopy.

(n) *In the Land of the Humming-Bird.*

Whir and purr ! A soft murmur,
A sharper whir anon !
So swift, so clear, it charmed the ear ;
And now again 'twas gone.
Methought it was the whirring sound
Of my Cedar Dome so true,
Till I felt a beak that touched my cheek,
And tiny winglets too.
Then I opened my eyes. Oh, glad surprise !
'Twas a Humming Bird so sheen ;
Green, gold and black, were its crest and back,
And its wings might scarce be seen,
So fast they quivered, so keen they flashed,
With a whir as of metal made :
And a dozen more were fluttering o'er
The sky-sick wanderer's head.
There, there lay I, on Tucuche's side ;
Just under the Western Hook,
In a meadowy holm, where my faithful Dome
Had nestled down in a nook :
And sweet was the breath of the wholesome earth,
And the song of the mountain brook ;
With praise and laud I thanked our God,
The Lord of Lords is He,
Through every ill and danger, still
He had remembered me ;
E'en 'mid his wond'rous deeds and dread,
By land and air and sea.

S.

NOTES.

Scribbler was stale by now.

Still he *would* keep on. He showed me a manuscript, and . . . Well, for once, I nearly choked Scribbler off!

"*Purple Horn.*" "Golden Horn," Scribbler had it; but I pointed out that that expression had a recognized meaning. It meant an arm of the Bosphorus on which Constantinople was situated. To invent another Golden Horn in the Lost Atlantis was absurd. Call it "The Crumpled Horn," and everything would be in keeping!

Scribbler snatched back his MS.

He brought it again, though, after a time. Unaltered! . . . He was very obstinate, Scribbler. However, my chance came when he made me editor.

He had been reading geological theories about South America having once been merely three mountain ranges. Mountains of Guiana, Mountains of Brazil and the Andes. Even these mountains were recent, it seemed. The Andes especially so.

What does Scribbler do? He re-floats his Lost Atlantis, makes a vessel sail from the "Crumpled Horn," and go winding its way through inland seas and narrow openings, till it reaches the Pacific. The Galápagos, or, as he calls it, the Galapagian Sea, is there, as every schoolboy knows; and Galápagos being Spanish for a kind of large turtle, he promptly invents one so enormous that it is taken for an island. The creature objects to having a well dug in its back, and after drowning his companions, carries the Man of Eld to a mysterious island, which apparently is the solitary remnant of another submerged continent.

The Child was jealous of a Hoodoo's daughter, who now comes into the story. I heard Scribbler explaining to her that it was an ancient custom, when a stranger came along, to give him a nice wife, make him king, and then sacrifice him. He quoted Fraser's "Golden Bough" about it.

I don't think the Child quite believed him. Neither do I.

"*Cataleyas.*" Cattleya is the proper spelling.

Let us be thankful Scribbler was not Providence. A more irresponsible freak than his "Upheaval of the Andes," it is impossible to imagine.

As for "The Flight of the Cedar Dome," when I read it to a Scotchman he said it was a "Domed lie."

I.

XXIII.

BLACKBEARD'S SONG.

This is the song of old Blackbeard,
The song that he used to sing,
When he'd mustered his crew and peppered a few
By way of disciplining.
"Oh, I'm Judge Jeffrey's son," sang he,
"And the Devil is my grandad ;
If I whistle, so, so, he will hear down below,
And hasten to my aid, by Gad !
For he loves me well, O-ho !
Oh, the Devil 'tis he loves me !
Though he's busy with his coals,
And a-frying of damned souls,
He will hasten to my aid. . . . tee-hee !

"Oh, I was born with a caul," sang he,
"And the future I see clear ;
The ruck of you'll be hanged, my lads,
Between this and leap-year.
But I'll go down in the deep, deep sea,
'Mid the thundering cannon's din ;
And the Devil, ho-ho, though he loves me so,
Will think twice ere he lets me in !
For he loves me well, O-ho !
Oh, the Devil, 'tis he loves me !
But he's careful of his coals,
And kinder to damned souls
Than I, he fears, would be—tee-hee !
Than I *would* be, tee-hee !

"There's many there will know me well ;
That love me, mighty few ;
They will wish me anywhere out of hell,
And they will have reason too !
Their breath will catch as I lift the latch,
Their hearts will quake within ;
Ay, the dead will quail, and fear prevail,
When the Devil bids me come in !
For he loves me well, O-ho," etc., etc.

NOTES.

"Legend," on the Scribblerian theory, is a sort of literary sausage. Made up of "M'an Gros-Dents," and such like, chopped up, then seasoned with faulty rhymes and obsolete expressions.

Blackbeard's song, however, is hardly a legend. Scribbler's reading public—the Child and himself—probably had got tired of sausage. They wanted something stronger. Here it is supplied.

The celebrated case of *Robert-le-Diable* is in point. Nevertheless, Teach's affiliation to Lucifer, through a Lord Chief Justice of England, seems to us too incongruous to be tolerated.

Teach was really a low villain. Stevenson hits him off well in "The Master of Ballantrae." Treacherous, even to his own followers, he lacked the single redeeming virtue one expects in a pirate.

His supernatural exhibitions were the lowest charlatanry, and the most murderous. To blacken his face, dress up as the Devil, then dance in a vessel's hold with a lighted match between his teeth, breathing forth smoke, is a feat any mountebank could perform. "Blackbeard," however, knew a fouler trick at need.

Did his antics fail to frighten? Out came his pistols, and a couple, or perhaps a good many more than a couple, of poor seamen, criminal enough themselves probably, but angels compared with Teach, would be butchered in cold blood.

"By way of disciplining." That is the nice way Scribbler puts it!

I spoke to Scribbler about it. Pretty strongly, too. Unfortunately, he was in a quizzical mood. Nothing would make him talk sense. My virtuous indignation did me infinite credit. Still, the Devil was not so black as he was painted. All great men had their detractors. Rot of that sort.

I was disappointed. Because I knew Scribbler to be, in reality, a warm-hearted, right-minded fellow. Only, for the time being, he had got "Blackbeards" and hobgoblins on the brain. Also, I fancy, his nerves were on edge a bit over the Child.

Teach—or Thatch—a great man! A ruffian whose proudest exploits were to murder his own men, burn merchant ships and terrorise poor planters in North Carolina. If his accomplices, Governor Eden and Collector Tobias Knight, and he had been

put in a bag together and thrown into the sea, the world would have been rid of three of the most unmitigated rogues that ever existed.

The idea of the damned preferring the Devil himself to Thatch, is the one thing I like about this . . . "song."

Yes, *Thatch*. So his name appears throughout the official records of a lawsuit over his belongings, between Lieutenant Maynard and the two worthies before-mentioned.

Thatch, synonym, Shag-pat. A nickname, no doubt. Hung at the bowsprit, his hirsute poll looked fine! So we are told. So be it.—If the Devil was not quite so loving as he (or Scribbler) thought, it would be close-singed below.

XXIV.

BRIGAND HILL.

1.

Merry days at Brigand Hill,
When Teach came there to settle !
He gave himself the land in fee,
And paid for it in mettle.
He settled both with friend and foe ;
He settled in such fashion,
That no man had a word to say,
When he had got his ration.
Oh, the settling of Brigand Hill !

2.

Oh, Teach, he came with twelve good men,
And forty mutineers ;
He settled them upon the land,
And bade them calm their fears ;
No Spanish laws should trouble them,
No islanders molest ;
He dug their graves deep in the Caves,
And left them there to rest.
Oh, the settling of Brigand Hill !

3.

But still, when, like ships' guns of old,
The sea booms easterly,
The shadows of old mutineers,
Peer outward to the sea.
They scan the windward, scan the lee,
With haggard eyes astrain ;
And ask, each of each, fearfully :
" Is Blackbeard come again ? "
Oh, the settling of Brigand Hill !

S.



WHERE TEACH LANDED.

NOTES.

Mr. Harry Vincent is responsible for this legend. (See "Sea Fish of Trinidad," page 74).

Scribbler "improves," as he thinks, on his original, and turns it into utter nonsense.

As we have mentioned before, he got Blackbeard on the brain. And here, again, is to be noticed this crazy notion of his, about even dead men being afraid of his hero.

Perhaps it is well Scribbler did go away. These cases of brain trouble are always so painful.

I.

XXV.

LA DIVINA PASTORA.

(A MIRACLE PLAY).

Characters :

PADRE JACINTO.

MERCEDES

POPOCITA

CAMILLA

IÑEZ

TERESA

} Village Children (Cabresses).

YQUI (a Carib Child).

POHONTAS (Daughter of the Cacique, Carib).

GUAYAGRÚ (Cacique of Siparia).

Carib Hunters and Fishermen, Village Women, some of pure Carib, others of Cabresse type.

Scene.—*Tropical bush, palms, flowering trees, etc., in the background a rude grotto, rather dark, with an altar, but no statues, pictures or lights on it.*

Padre Jacinto (at the Altar) :

Virgin Mother, virgin-born,
Thou art fresher than the morn,
Thou art fairer than the day
In thy chosen month of May ;
When the clouds, all fleecy white,
Wait thy coming with delight,
Knowing thou wilt not forsake
Haunts beloved for Jesus' sake,
And the tender memories
Of a childhood wholly wise,
Wholly human, but so spent
Heaven were not more innocent.

There the little cottage stood,
Where thy mother, mild and good,
Lived, her every thought intent
To keep for heaven what heaven had sent.

There the vineyard, where the grapes
In mystic numbers hung, and shapes
Of things to come were dimly seen
In crossing shadows 'mid the green.
The pool with snowy lilies crowned ;
Its spring, out of the rocky ground,
Inaudible 'mid whisperings
Of angel voices, angel wings.

The scanty flock—but ah, how fair
Those sheep enjoyed thy earthly care,
Blest Shepherdess ! E'en at that age
So wondrous loving, wondrous sage :
There was no weakling in the fold,
But it was treasured beyond gold ;
No wayward stray that turned aside,
But thou wouldst seek it far and wide.
The wolf, the lion and the bear
At thy approach disarm'd were,
Crouched before virgin purity,
And let the silly lamb go free.

Now by the crook thy hand once bore,
The lowly roof, and cottage door
That opened on the wild,
Accept, and bear our prayers before
Thy Son, our Saviour mild.
Entreat His grace that we may be
In body sound, in spirit free,
In all things sanctified :
So shall we sing glad hymns to thee
Morning and eventide. . . .

Children (Singing in Unison) :

To-morrow is the month of May,
The month of Mary Queen ;
To her high honours let us pay,
Although our cave be mean.
Once on a night in such a grot,
She bore her Son divine.
Oh, Virgin Mother, bless this spot,
To be thy holy shrine.

Priest and Children come out of the Grotto and Camilla is about to speak to the Priest. Enter Guayagrú with Carib Hunters and Fishermen, carrying several deer, a turtle and small game.

Camilla (to Priest) :

Father, you have no statues in your shrine,
Such as on every village altar shine ;
No candles bright to cast the quivering beam,
Nor pictures limned like angels in a dream.
Say, without these will heav'n hear your prayer,
Or angels haste to tell a shrine is there ?

Cacique :

Well questioned, child, you have a readier brain
Than this dull priest ; let him go back to Spain,
Or to San José, where the folk are fools,
For all their churches and their learned schools.
Hunters are we, as were our Carib sires,
And hate their crosses and their arrowy spires,
That serve to bring to mind the long disgrace
And servile posture of our ancient race.
It had its gods, its rites, its temples dim,
With skulls set round, and mouldering tokens grim,
Where deeds were done, at midnight dark and chill,
Had made *their* pale-faced god look paler still.
Cacique am I, and despot of this spot ;
Heed, then, my rede—heed well, forget it not !
There shall no creature dare so much as give
An ear of corn to help Sir Sloth to live ;
A tinite leaf to thatch his shelter o'er,
Or bamboo screen to guard his chapel door.
So, without let, may quenk and howler throng,
And foul the precincts with their loathly dung.

Priest :

Foul-mouth, refrain ! Naught at thy niggard hands,
Naught at thy people's have I sought : thy lands,
Thy woods, thy crops, the toil of hind or serf,
I covet not. Nay, not the very turf

That meanly clothes the common earth elsewhere,
Here, see, have I disturbed ; but on the bare,
Black, crumbling rock, whereof this ledge is made,
My crucifix as on an altar laid ;
Nature to God a joyful welcome gave,
And hailed a temple where had been a cave.
Wild flowers alone these little ones have brought,
Of their own will, untutored, unbesought ;
But heav'n, which fore-wills the good we do,
And done assigns it to our virtue too,
Timed these poor gifts with added praise to shine,
As offerings at the Blessed Virgin's shrine,
Whose joyful month this night shall usher in,
The sunset skies to celebrate begin,
With crimson fires to burn earth's dross away,
And bring the promise of a perfect day.

Cacique :

Enough, enough ; his patter once begun,
This gabbling priest, methinks, will ne'er be done.
Children, hence, fly ! And you, Pohontas, say,
What useful task has claimed your toil to-day.
Women with us have more to spend the hours
Than whine a hymn, or play with silly flowers.

Pohontas :

Nay, father, all you bade your child fulfilled :
The golden maize to powdery fineness milled ;
Pressed from the manioc root the poisonous juice,
And washed and fired it to our wholesome use.
Water and wood. . . .

Cacique :

Enough ! You chatter so ;
The priest himself you'd silence. Quickly go,
Pile high the fire, bid all the village come,
To share the feast—See what we bring them home ;
Deer from the bush, and turtle from the shore,
Such as our fathers common deemed of yore,

But now the chase yields sparely ; and amain,
The heady vintage of the sugar cane
Bid bring in calabash, in skin, in shell ;
That men may drink, and, having wassailed well,
Forget the ignominy of these days
In the reviving instincts of our race.

Exit Pohontas. Priest goes into Grotto and kneels at the Altar. Cacique converses with his followers and points scornfully at the Priest. They shake hands, laugh derisively, then go off making threatening gestures. Enter Mercedes, reading.

Mercedes (slowly, like a beginner) :

“ A babe unspotted as the snow
Was Mary born on earth ;
Growing, God gave her grace to grow
As faultless as her birth ;
Dying, the angels came, and lo !
Straight from her hallowed hearth
To heaven her body bore, to show
Heaven was not more of worth.

“ Oh, blessed Virgin, may my breast
Be spotless even as thine ;
Thy chapel be my bed of rest,
My refuge place thy shrine ;
Where I may kneel and oft request
Thy love to cherish mine,
And lay my prayers that please thee best
Before thy Child divine.”

Priest has come to front of stage, and stands listening.

Padre Jacinto (taking book from her and examining it) :
Who taught you so to read, my child ? Till now
I knew you not so learned. Tell me how
A book like this you happen to possess.

Mercedes :

The Sisters gave it me. Pray, Father, bless
'Ere you return it ; 'twill be holier then.

Padre Jacinto :

So you were in the Convent ? Nay, but when ?
In *Martyrs' year*—heaven rest their souls—the rule
Was made, forbidding college, priest or school
To harbour children of the cursèd clan
Had slain God's clergy.

Mercedes :

Father, 'twas that ban
Drove me—young now, still younger then, to read,
Scarce yet beginning—forth by stream and mead,
To meditate what I had learnt before,
And by heaven's light improve my scanty lore.

Padre Jacinto :

Poor child ! 'Tis thus too oft the fathers' deeds
Are visited upon the children's heads,
But you can read, and so may learn.

*He gives back the book ; she kneels and he blesses
her.*

Still, pray
To Mary Queen, and serve her day by day.

*Mercedes goes into the Grotto and kneels to pray.
Enter Popocita (with a doll).*

Padre Jacinto :

This one, methinks, will scarce have skill to read ;
A simpler grace may shine on her instead.
A doll she carries, scarce herself much more ;
And see how busily she eyes it o'er,
Surveys its clothing with a mother's care,
And wraps its head against the evening air.
Thus mimicry prepares great nature's schemes,
And heaven itself oft visits us in dreams.

Popocita (chanting to her doll) :

Little baby, baby mine,
Mary's face is divine ;
Mary's heart is all of gold,
So God made it of old ;
Mary's hands are bounteous
In her mercy to us ;
Mary's feet are never shod,
For she stands before God.

Padre Jacinto :

Child, who taught you that quaint song ?

Popocita (as though scarcely heeding) :

I heard it in dreams.

Padre Jacinto :

How indifferent she seems ! (*Aside*)
Have you known it for long ?

She plays with her doll and makes no reply.

Padre Jacinto (kneeling and putting an arm round her) :

And so you dream of Mary Queen ?

Popocita (with less indifference) :

I dreamt last night.

Padre Jacinto (gazing in wonder and pausing to think how to test her genuineness) :

So—was she clad in golden sheen ?

Popocita (lifting a finger reprovingly) :

In God's own light !

Padre Jacinto rises to his feet and regards her with awe.

Padre Jacinto (aside) :

All things are possible with God, howe'er
Strange to our eyes,
Blind, because over-wise.
May, then, a thing that breathes earth's common air
Be heaven's harbinger ?

*He kneels, and again putting an arm round the
child, speaks earnestly.*

Padre Jacinto :

What said she, child ?

Popocita (playing with her doll) :

To pray to her.

*Padre Jacinto leaves the Child and comes to front
of stage.*

Padre Jacinto :

To pray to her ? Nay, morn and eve I pray,
And half the night an hourly tribute pay.
I covet nought, nought else on earth I prize,
But to be found praise-worthy in her eyes
And God's. What lacks there more ?

*Popocita, at back, seems to grow thoughtful ; she
drops her doll, which falls among grass and lies
half-hidden. She comes forward ; Padre Jacinto
kneels and puts his arm round her as before ; she
puts her head on his shoulder.*

Popocita (timidly) :

I had forgot.

Padre Jacinto : Forgot ?

Popocita (entreatingly) :

Oh, pray to her to bless her grot !

Padre Jacinto :

Her grot ? Then she accepts our humble prayers ?
She, she has led me hither, unawares.
In the rude wilderness a spot to find,
And build a fane well-pleasing to her mind ?

She bids me pray ? Nay, but my prayers shall rise
A never ceasing offering to the skies !

*Goes near entrance to Grotto, kneels and prays
with hands raised to heaven.*

Padre Jacinto :

Now glory be to Mary, full of grace !
This child has heard her voice, has seen her face ;
And by its mouth a message hath she given :
This is no other than the gate of heaven.
Oh blessed spot, oh, cave obscure and lowly,
By Mary's grace auspicious made, and holy ;
Here shall high heaven stoop to earth once more,
And all the riches of its treasury pour.
Pilgrims shall come from many a region round,
And miracles attest 'tis hallowed ground.
Sinners, like snakes, shall cast their slough of sin,
And a new life of heavenly joy begin.
Disease shall quail, and hide its pallid head
By spiritual grace shamed and discomfited ;
And Mary's fame, blown wide on every wind,
Claim the encomium of all mankind.

*Mercedes has come out of the Grotto and stands
listening.*

Mercedes :

Father, some day these things may come ; meanwhile
The shrine defenceless stands, and men are vile.
This night I fear lest they may come again,
The sacred spot on purpose to profane.

Padre Jacinto :

Let come, my child, who may, who will, who dare,
The shrine is safe—'tis now in heaven's care !

*Exeunt Padre Jacinto, Mercedes and Popocita.
Stage darkens. Symphony. Re-enter Padre
Jacinto, carrying palm leaf screens.*

Padre Jacinto :

Nought to omit my slender means provide,
These from marauding herds the shrine may hide.
To such poor efforts heaven its aid extend,
And from man's violence its house defend !

*Encloses the front of the grotto ; kneels, prays and
exit. Enter Popocita, without her doll and crying.*

Popocita :

I've lost my dolly ! Oh where can she be ?
She used to behave so prettily.
Mary, help me to find my dolly
She will be crying and very sorry ;
I'll look in the grot, where I used to go,
And Mary will help me to find it, I know.

*Tries to enter, but is prevented by the palm-leaf
screen.*

My little hands are cut and sore
Oh, Mary, help me to pass this door.

*She succeeds in making an opening in the screen,
and looks in.*

Thanks, thanks, dear Mary, for your aid.
'Tis dark but I shall not be afraid,
For Mary will care for her little maid.

*Enters the Grotto ; the screen closes behind her.
Enter Cacique and followers, driving a herd of
swine, grunting and running in various directions.
Symphony becomes stormy and discordant.*

Cacique :

On to the shrine, lads, drive them along,
There to sing their even-song.
Look at that old sow—Stop her, boys !
What a grunting, what a noise !
Shoo, shoo, you swine,
On to the shrine !

During a long crescendo in the music, a brilliant star appears overhead, illuminating all the stage. Cacique, etc., stand motionless in terror ; the swine rush off. The star bursts, the music ceases ; then, after a pause, begins a pastoral melody, andante religioso, tranquillissimo. Enter the Blessed Virgin, dressed as a shepherdess, with a crook, etc., followed by a flock of sheep, luminous on the darkened stage. As the Blessed Virgin slowly approaches the grotto, the leaf screen opens to admit her and flock ; then closes behind them. Celestial voices, singing, are heard from within. Enter Padre Jacinto, Mercedes, Inez, etc., also Carib women and other children.

Padre Jacinto :

What heavenly sounds are these ? My ears ne'er heard
Aught so angelical. The air is stirred,
As by a million, million voices sweet,
Singing so dulcetly as might entreat
Nature herself in rapture to surcease,
And warring elements resolve in peace.

The leaf screen re-opens, showing the grotto ablaze with light, and full of angels, the Blessed Virgin in their midst. The music swells and dies away again. As it does so, a cloud of incense rises from the threshold and grows thicker and thicker, so as to obstruct the view. Simultaneously the light decreases, until eventually the grotto is in darkness, except where a glimmering image (La Divina Pastora) is seen on the altar. Then that too fades from view. Commotion among the Caribs without. Padre Jacinto advances to enter grotto, but is prevented. Popocita comes out of the grotto with La Divina Pastora iridescent and dazzlingly beautiful in her arms.

Popocita : See, Father, see,
 She gives you this !
 She sent it through me.

Mercedes : Would it be amiss
 Just its feet to kiss ?

*Children, Women and, finally, Cacique and Hunters
all kneel and kiss the statue's feet.*

Children, Cacique, etc. (in unison) :
 Oh, miracle ! A gift from heaven !
 Though lowly be the shrine,
 To its rude worshippers is given,
 A pledge of love divine !

Padre Jacinto :
 The love which loved us unto death,
 Still loves us from on high ;
 The things of earth are little worth
 Before His Majesty.
 Not to be noble, to be great,
 Is precious in His eyes ;
 To people of a low estate
 He brings the heavenly prize :
 A blissful fate, immaculate,
 Immortal in the skies.

Children, Cacique, etc. :
 Then let us kneel at Mary's shrine,
 And praise her virtues mild ;
 She is our Shepherdess Divine
 Who sought us in the wild,
 And sent our eyne this bless'd sign
 By a pure, holy Child.

TABLEAU.

S,

NOTES.

Siparia, now the terminus of the southern branch of the Government Railway and a town of some little importance, as importance goes in those parts, was in former days chiefly known as the shrine of "La Divina Pastora," a composite statue a couple of feet in height, with features of markedly Coolie (or may it be, Carib ?) type, which stands on the altar in the Virgin's Chapel in the church. Tradition represents it as having been sent down from heaven, and found by hunters in a wood. Notable miracles are supposed to have been worked by it. Pilgrims come to the annual *fête* from all parts of Trinidad—nay, even from Venezuela; and the church is for size and richness of adornment among the first in the island.

On one occasion La Divina Pastora was removed to another Church, viz., St. Mary's, Oropouche, eight miles distant to the north. Next morning it was found back in its place at Siparia, covered with mud, "having walked all night."

Scribbler has followed tradition fairly closely, and his picture of the difficulties encountered by Spanish priests is not overdrawn. In fact it falls far short of the reality. The Caribs were treacherous and blood-thirsty. On one occasion they ambushed and murdered the Governor and principal clergy of the diocese, at San Francisco de les Arenales (i.e. Arena, in what is now the parish of San Rafael). (See Borde's "Histoire de l'île de la Trinidad," Vol. II, page 56, *seq.*).

"*Quenk.*" Local name for a kind of wild hog.

"*Howlers.*" Red howlers are the largest variety of monkey in the island.

"*Manioc.*" The root is extremely poisonous, but is rendered edible by maceration, pressing and firing. The process is an Indian secret of immemorial antiquity.

"*Martyr's Year.*" 1700, being the year when the Governor and clergy were murdered. Great severity was exercised by the Spanish Government in punishing, not only the offenders, but their families. (See Borde, *loc. cit.*, where an account will also be found of the sensation which the occurrence made throughout Spanish America, the *romance muy doloroso* in which it was celebrated, the miraculous preservation of the bodies of the priests, and the pious controversy which arose as to where they ought to be buried).

"*Cabresse*." Half Carib, half Spanish (with or without the prevalent African admixture).

"*San José*." The capital of the island in Spanish times. San José de Oruña, is its full title.

"*And wrap its head*." Creoles have a well-nigh superstitious dread of exposing the head to night dew or the slightest drizzle.

"*Popocita*," i.e., "little baby," diminutive of *popo*, a Spanish Creole word for baby. *Popocita* is the feminine; *popocito* the masculine form.

"*Iridescent and dazlingly beautiful*." So tradition declares it to have been when first discovered.

"*Eyne*." To lend his doggerel an antique air, Scribbler here employs the old plural. Cf. "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne." (Shak.).

I.

XXVI.

MERCEDES' MESSAGE

(TO LA DIVINA PASTORA).

Mother, Mercedes couldn't come,
She sent me in her stead ;
For she's all the work to do at home,
Now that mother is dead.
Mercedes is nearly twice my size,
I think she's over eleven ;
And she says that you, who're so good and wise,
Must know dear mother in heaven.
But that is so far off she says,
Perhaps you've neither heard,
That father's gone back to his old strange ways,
And Pedro—he is the third—
Had yellow fever, bad, in May,
And was stung by a snake in June ;
And Popocita is wasting away—
The neighbour's say it's the moon.
For the timite was all blown off by the gale,
And the light strikes down on her face ;
Her features are changed, and she's, oh ! so pale—
They say it's a noted case.
The rice was done 'ere the year began,
And father's not planted a yard ;
Often the neighbours themselves have none,
And our life is very hard ;
Popocita is hungry and cries at night—
The Padre says we must pray ;
And we've prayed—Oh, Mother, with all our might,
But heaven is so far away !
The landlord, old Antonio,
Says praying won't raise a cent ;
He comes every day, when father's away,
To bother Sis for the rent.
She hates him worse than a toad ; but, alack,
The neighbours begin to flout her :
And Mercedes says : “ Please, send mother back,
For we can't get on without her ! ”

S.

NOTES.

Scribbler began an ambitious collection of tales in rhyme, under this same title, "*La Divina Pastora*," the idea running through it being pilgrims telling each his or her story by way of confession of sins, prayer, etc., to the Blessed Virgin. Some tales are of considerable length and too serious for inclusion among these "*Legends*," which, it will be seen, are intended mainly for children. This one, "*Mercedes' Message*," however, is childish enough for anything, so in let it go.

Mercedes, i.e., "*Mercy*," a common Spanish name.

Venezuelans in large numbers come on pilgrimage to the shrine of "*La Divina Pastora*." (See above, Legend XXV). There is also a considerable Spanish population still in Trinidad, especially in the southern portion of the island.

"*Yellow fever*." Now extinct in Trinidad, and rare in Venezuela, but very prevalent in former days. Creoles, however, generally took it mildly, so that little was thought of it.

"*Moon*." Creoles are much afraid of the moon. If you sleep in the full moon "your features will be changed"—not for the better seemingly.

"*Timite*." A kind of palm leaf used to thatch cottages.

"*Father's not planted a yard*." An example of *Mañana, mañana*. (Cf. Legend XIX).

I.

XXVII.

COMPARISONS.

Las Madres del Cacao flame
In crimson every year ;
So my heart kindles at her name,
Yet faints when she is near :
Thus sinners sink 'twixt joy and shame
When heaven's gates appear.

The Ballatá in each fourth year
Bedecks itself in gold ;
But, oh, the wonder of her hair,
Fold over golden fold,
Is as a halo—a despair
For mortals to behold.

The roble scents the fainting air,
And spreads its tender bloom :
But every scene grows fairer where
Her presence fills the room ;
We breathe a more celestial air,
A spiritual perfume.

So earthly things resemble her,
But heavenly things more well :
A something sets our hearts astir
Which lips can never tell :
To think of her as woman, were
A thought unthinkable.

NOTES.

For a Count of the Holy Roman Empire—such our friend was—to have to write a letter of apology (see Legend XIV), was a thing never to be got over.

Also, as he admitted himself, the Count *était né farceur*.

(I began, in fact, to have doubts about his good faith as to the Phantom Boat, and the impossibility of the Devil flying over Montserrat. See Legends III and IV).

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Scribbler was not long let alone.

The Count went to work in rather a shabby way, I consider. Pretending to be acting from the highest motives, when in reality he was merely venting his spleen. He *had* a soft side for the Child, however; and conceivably may have persuaded himself he was acting in her interest.

He asked Scribbler, bluntly, what were his intentions regarding the girl. What was the meaning of his daily visits to "Holyrood"? I may explain that the Magnate had rented a magnificent palace of that name, at the St. Clair corner of the Savannah. Scribbler and I were staying at the Queen's Park Hotel.

"*Moi, je suis homme marié.*" "It makes nothing how often I go there." His English commonly went wrong under excitement. "And for Ignotus"

(Ignotus is my *nom-de-plume*. I have no desire to identify my real name with Scribblerian literature).

"Ignotus," said he coolly, "is too old to think of changing his condition."

Impertinence! My age, after all

But no matter. Were they trifling with one another's feelings, he desired to know. If so, both would regret it. The Magnate would want a Prince for her—perhaps a Royalty. A Duke at the very least. Even if Scribbler was a millionaire.

Scribbler shut him up rather well. He was not a millionaire, he said; but he mentioned a figure considerably above what we had dreamed of. (The Count treated him after that with marked respect). He had not breathed a word of sentiment to the girl. He would not think of doing so. He knew he was unworthy of her. No man would ever be worthy. She was an angel

The finest *gusher* in the Magnate's oil-fields wasn't in it with Scribbler.

Then, of a sudden, the well choked itself, and—Scribbler became hysterical. He knew he was an idiot! All that the Count had said, he had told himself a thousand times over.—He would go and drown himself!

Who, then, would console the Child, the Count demanded. He must live for the girl's sake. Perhaps, after all, the Magnate, who was a plain man, might not care for royalties. He even went the length of offering to *entrer en pourparlers* with the old man on Scribbler's behalf. Scribbler, however, even in a collapsed state, had more common-sense. After the recent *Auto-da-fé* incident, he probably thought the Count would not be the best intermediary.

This effusion, entitled "Comparisons," was among Scribbler's papers. Not among those done up by themselves and labelled "Legends." Still, as illustrating Scribbler's consciousness of unworthiness and hysterical tendency, it may be of interest.

"*Madres del Cacao*" ("Mothers of the Cocoa.") A fanciful name given by the Spaniards to the immortelles planted as shade trees. (See Legend XIX).

Ballatá. This fine hard-wood tree flowers only in wet years. Roughly, every third or fourth. The flower is not exactly "gold." Neither was the Child's hair—"Entre or et roux," the Count called it. The flower is an intermediate tint too. The fruit is delicious. Pity Scribbler could not have worked that in, rather than the Roble, whose scent, though sweet, is rather overpowering at close quarters. Hence Scribbler's "fainting air." But the flower is glorious; a rich, dull yellow.

XXVIII.

A WRAITH.

All night in dreams I followed thee,
On through a forest dreary ;
And never would'st thou stay for me,
And faint was I and weary.

And never would'st thou tarry, sweet,
For sighing or complaining ;
And still I saw thy naked feet,
With blood the cold snow staining.

And then I lost thee !—But, ah, still,
I sought for thee in weeping ;
Till in my arms, all cold and chill,
I had thee in safe keeping.

I wake, and but a wild unrest,
The sore, sweet dream replaces ;
Still are my lips cold, and my breast
Death-cold from thy embraces.

NOTES.

Scribbler developed nocturnal habits. I got the manager to move me to another part of the Hotel. He could not move all the men in the bachelor's quarters, however ; and as all complained, Scribbler went to a boarding house.

How did the other guests there like sharing his insomnia ? That I cannot tell. The next thing I did learn was that he prowled the whole town, St. Clair, St. Ann's—there is an Asylum there—Belmont, everywhere. At all hours. All night through, in fact.—I expected to hear of his having been beaten for a Sucouyen, like the lady going to four o'clock Mass. (See Legend XIII).

What actually happened was that a Constable found him asleep at that hour (4 a.m.) on a bench on the Pitch Walk. Being a new member of the Force, he repelled with contumely a dollar note which Scribbler somnolently tendered him. Only the chance arrival of a Sub-Inspector, who knew Scribbler well, saved him from some dire fate. Corrupting a constable is a serious matter.

It was probably during his snooze on the bench that Scribbler had the dream of which he tells us.—The *wraith* is, of course, the Child.

"*Forest Dreary.*" We went a run to Manzanilla ; and a good part of the way is through "high woods." Rather gloomy looking. Especially just before you come to Arima, and along the Long Stretch. Scribbler, in his melancholia, was naturally affected.

"*Blood the cold snow staining.*" Scribbler was a Canadian. Dreams take us back to childhood, and this one may have recalled some scene on the Yukon in mid-winter. Poor Scribbler ! A fine rain was falling at the time. If the constable had not awakened him he would certainly have had a fatal pneumonia. His sensation of having his "*breast death-cold from thy embraces,*" therefore, came near being prophetic. As it was, he had a cold in the head for a week.



HIGH WOODS.

XXIX.

A BOCA ROSE.

Go, lovely rose, tell her, herself a rose,
Emblem of love divine, new-born on earth,
How out of things more gross, passion and pain and loss,
Grows yet the perfect flower of priceless worth.

Out of the soil it grows, out of the mire,
Perfect and pure and warm as Jesus' breath,
Which made the blind to see, which bade the bond be free
And gave the living soul to what was death.

True, but to fade it blooms ; true, but to die ;
Living, it may not fade, though all things may.
This, this its meed, its dower : if love, in some high
hour,
Pluck it and wear it, then—cast it away !

Even so ! For if, perhaps, his lip have pressed
Its petals lip, and lip pressed lip again—
As, when men sat at meat, one kissed the Master's feet
Against his burial—is it in vain ?

Shall not a moment outweigh all the years ;
One look, one touch throb on until life's close ;
What love, what pity gave—ay, be it in the grave,
Abide and comfort us—and thee, poor rose ?

NOTES.

One afternoon I walked into the drawing-room and disturbed an emotional scene. . . .

No, I will not tell. *Noblesse oblige.*

The Child ran out by a door on the other side.—Scribbler went and looked out at the window.

I? I took up a newspaper and pretended to read. Then slipped out, quietly.

The same evening Scribbler came, and with much mystery made me depositary of a sealed packet. Not to be opened till next day. Such were my instructions.

He went on board the "Apure" the same night, and sailed before day-break for Bolivar.

Nothing has been heard of him since.

Nearly four years ago now.

At least I have heard nothing. As to the Child, I have sometimes had a suspicion. But, after all, is it likely? The Belle of New York, the Belle of London, Paris and various other cities, is it likely she would remember the callow, the uninspired Scribbler?

The Magnate died last August. Since then she has been one of the great heiresses of the world. Had Scribbler remained at home . . .

But no, the man was not worthy. He realised that himself.

To return, when I opened the packet, there were miscellaneous papers, poems, prose, completed works, fragments, every sort of thing. On top, "Legends of the Bocas," done up separate, tied up with blue tape. Inside, "Dedication to a Child," and all the rest. Just as we have published them.

Also the following letter :—

" Dear Ignotus,

" I am off, to *carve a name*—or perish in the wilds of South America. If by the end of three years I have not returned, please edit these legends for me in whatever way you think will render them most attractive. I have deposited with the Royal Bank of Canada, in your name, a sum amply sufficient, I am advised, to cover cost of publication, advertisement, etc. If any balance is over . . . "

This lyric, "A Boca Rose," was among the miscellaneous papers. The ink seemed fresh. Mr. Albert Siegert, who has a fine rose garden at his delightful bay, Grand Fond, mentioned to me casually one day, that on the afternoon before he sailed, Scribbler had met him at his door in Chancery Lane. Mr. Siegert was getting out of his car, with a bunch of roses in his hands. Yes, fresh from the Bocas. Scribbler had admired them. Then, he begged for the finest, a lovely "Gloire de Dijon," and suddenly ran away with it. It struck Mr. Siegert at the time that he was a prey to some unusual emotion.

He must have sent it to the Child with these lines.

Puling rubbish, I call them. I really thought better of Scribbler. Look at line fifteen. When he introduced the Magdalene's kiss, Scribbler himself must surely have been *maudlin*.

Scribbler, I found out later, had organized an expedition on a considerable scale. Mr. Eugene André, an explorer of renown, thought he had done it very cleverly. But Mr. André himself nearly died of starvation in the Caura. Scribbler, who meant to penetrate much farther into the interior, in search of some auriferous district he had heard of, ran still greater risks.

If there were any Carib-als or Cannibals about, instead of "carving a name," poor Scribbler may have been *carved* himself.

Far be it from us to suggest he deserved it for his Carib mythology.

By-the-bye, the Child's name is Rose.—No, Rosemary; that's it.

EPILOGUE.

On the eve of the general publication of this work we received the following mysterious cable :—

From : SCRIBBLER,
Hotel Gorgeous,
Buenos Ayres,
Argentine.

"Have heard you are publishing "LEGENDS OF BOCAS." Suppress immediately. Man of Eld not Mr. Lechmere Guppy. A purely imaginary character."

We cabled back :—

"Publication already in progress. Must go forward. Blow you."

A week later came this further message :—

"Blow YOU. Do as you like with the (blank) thing. Child and I married yesterday. Love."

FINIS.

My dear Dickson
Many thanks for your
kind letter. From it I
rather gather that you
have not got a copy of
my book for yourself -
though I certainly thought
I had put your name
on my list of presentees.
To make sure I send
you a copy now.

It has sold well among
Trinidadians. ~~it has sold~~

On
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Child a

~~pretty well~~ 200 copies or
so; but the American
tourists, on which my
advisers mainly counted,
bought — exactly one copy!
As to sales at home, I
have no actual information,
but surmise it has gone
poorly. The publisher writes
that he fears reviewers at
home can't appreciate it
properly. That is natural.
~~is not~~ They don't enter
into things tropical. How
it is appreciated by those who
do, you may judge from a
long review (which I send

with the Book) in a
local newspaper, which
I knew - no conjecture -
to have been written by
~~the~~ Archbishop - See
the heading to the notes
at end!

I can send you more
copies - or Mr Palmer
will send you them at
once, if you write that I
authorised him - in
case you can get me
reviews that will do any
good.

I think of retiring,
perhaps at the end of

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this year, having a
serious try at literature
before I am too old.

The judicial work here is
really pretty heavy. One
cant do justice to "J" & to
literature at the same

time - that is out of the
question. These things have
been dashed off. "Duendes"

Head" I wrote straight off
without altering a word
practically - in a couple of
days or less. Afterwards I
struck out 4 lines to avoid
offending some susceptibilities
something about "ademon black"

Please remember me very
kindly to Mrs. Dickson, & believe me

Yours very sincerely
T. J. Russell

T. J. Russell
T. J. Russell

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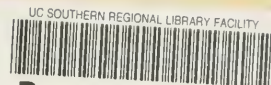
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